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CHRONICLE.

Election Chronicle. **T**HE results of some forty pollings were announced yesterday week, or on the morning of last Saturday, and they were, on the whole, satisfactory. Unionist losses in Norfolk (where the labourer appears not yet to have finally found out Mr. ARCH) and Inverness-shire were compensated by wins in North Dorset and in the Wick Burghs, and, while the great majority of seats thus saw no change, the increases in the Unionist majorities and minorities were by far the more remarkable. It is a pity, no doubt, that at Faversham 4,640 votes should have been given to Mr. SYDNEY HALLIFAX, whose sole claim to M.P.-ship lies in the fact that he has written very numerous letters of almost incredible silliness to the papers on the Irish question; but the Home counties, as a rule, stood firm, Sir GEORGE RUSSELL largely increasing his 1885 majority in Berkshire. Mr. PEASE, who in that year won Cleveland by over four thousand, was run to within four hundred by a Tory; Mr. BONHAM CARTER, a very strong candidate, failed to carry the Petersfield division of Hampshire, and even Camborne wallowed in Mr. CONYBEARE by a considerably reduced majority. The return of Sir CHARLES DILKE for the Forest of Dean has some interest, especially for the future. In Ireland another of the rare Parnellite successes occurred in Clare on the evening of yesterday week. Mr. BALFOUR spoke at Glossop, reviewing the whole situation with courage and good temper, and showing that the Tories mean and will be able "to clap a strait waistcoat" on the enemy. Totals on Saturday morning—Unionists (261 + 40), 301; Gladstonians, 320.

On Monday morning there were two Gladstonian gains (at Louth and in the Buckrose division of Yorkshire—the latter won in 1886 on petition only) to one Unionist. This, however, was the extremely gratifying defeat by Lord FOLKESTONE in South Wilts of Sir THOMAS GROVE, one of those few, but peculiarly contemptible, persons who, after making up their minds to stick to Liberalism in 1886, unmade them again. The strife in Hertfordshire between two Tories fortunately had no bad effect, and Mr. GIBBS was returned by a very large majority over the Gladstonian, Mr. HARVEY; while Mr. B. Cox, the second Tory, received, by a still larger deficiency, the place he deserved at

the bottom of the poll. There was nothing else of the first interest in this batch of pollings, except that Lord FREDERICK HAMILTON kept his seat in North Tyrone, though hard run by his Nationalist competitor. On Saturday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had made an excellent speech at Rugeley in support of the Unionist candidate for the Lichfield division. Totals on Monday morning, with only eighteen seats still to fill—Unionists (266 + 44), 310; Gladstonians, 342.

The number of polls rapidly dwindled as the tale of members became more and more complete, and on Tuesday morning only eight were published. Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST, as was not unexpected, lost his seat in Denbighshire; but there was no other change, and Mr. MULHOLLAND, in North Londonderry, beat his opponent by an enormous majority. Total on Tuesday morning—Unionists (267 + 44), 311; Gladstonians, 349.

The figures on Wednesday morning—practically the last, for, of the two remaining, South Tipperary was certain, and Orkney and Shetland (which will not be decided till next week) most likely to "go Gladstonian"—were, on the whole, decidedly satisfactory. The Gladstonians won nothing, and not only the seat at Handsworth, which was pretty certain, but that at the High Peak, which had been regarded as extremely uncertain, were kept by Unionists with increased majorities, Captain SIDEBOTTOM at the latter place more than doubling his. But this was not all, for at Lichfield Major DARWIN won the seat by a majority of four from Sir JOHN SWINBURNE, the late Gladstonian member. Total, anticipating the results above referred to (of which Tipperary was actually announced next day)—Unionists (268 + 46), 314; Gladstonians, all shades and including disputed seats, 356. Outside Gladstonian majority, including Parnellites and Nationalists, 42.

Home Politics. The elections were hardly over before Lord ARTHUR HILL put forward a well-timed appeal to all Unionists to work their utmost on the registrations which begin almost immediately, and which may be tested very soon. It is to be hoped that this will be attended to.—The amateur Cabinet-makers have, of course, been hard at work at their usual futile industry; and Gladstonians generally, with guileless frankness, have been discussing how they may drop

Home Rule, and get up a "Down with the House of Lords" cry on one-man-one-vote, or something similar.—Mr. GLADSTONE himself on Wednesday, at Kirkmichael, assured his admirers that he had known several Parliaments where the Liberals did good work with "not such a majority" as he now has. "Not such" is good. The majority on these occasions certainly was not "such"; it was, as Mr. CARLYLE would have said, "quite other than such."—On Thursday Sir CHARLES RUSSELL promised deliverance from "the squire and the parson." What harm squires have done to Sir CHARLES we know not; considering his creed, the reference to the parson is singularly graceful. But is it quite prudent?

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The staple of news this day week consisted in still vague, but still unfavourable, reports on the state of Afghanistan; some bad cholera statistics; some details of the last reappearance of the Jewish ritual murder craze at Xanten; a pacific-bell-cose speech from the PRESIDENT of the Swiss Confederation; some more particulars of the Idaho Labour War; and a truce with (which seems more like a surrender to) the insurgent Bedouins in the Hedjaz.—On Monday morning arrived the rumour of a disaster even greater than those of last week—the destruction by eruption of Sangir, a populous island situated in the great volcanic belt of Oceania. There was bad news from Afghanistan and German Africa. There were also tragi-comic details of the strike against that American gospeller of wealth, Mr. CARNEGIE, and details wholly tragic of the cholera in Russia, where the intelligent Moujik had been burning hospital attendants alive to show his gratitude and cure his disease.—It was rumoured on Tuesday morning that the opposition of France had proved fatal to Sir C. EUAN SMITH's mission in Morocco, and that he had left Fez *re infecta*. There had been fighting in Pahang, a contumacious reply of the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN to the VICEROY was reported, and in America some Trade-Unionists had been arrested for murder.—On Wednesday it was announced that the Cape Franchise Bill (a Bill raising, not lowering, the franchise) had been read a second time; that there had been more cholera riots in Russia, and more Labour troubles in America, Hungary, and elsewhere. The political trials at Sofia had ended in the acquittal of some of the accused, in the condemnation of M. KARAVELOFF to five years' imprisonment, of M. POPOFF and some others to death, of yet others to longer or shorter terms of imprisonment, and of one to the very singular penalty of death with five years' imprisonment, the latter expressly stated to come first.—On Thursday morning a different light was thrown on the AMEER's reply to the VICEROY in the Bajaur matter, which seems to have been conciliatory enough in tone, if rather unsatisfactory in substance. There was little else of importance in the day's foreign news.—At the meeting of the Royal Niger Company Lord ABERDARE took occasion to notice the recent and very characteristic allegations of the French explorer, Lieutenant MIZON. To anybody who has read M. MIZON's own accounts of his proceedings this is superfluous; but, as the great majority of Englishmen have not, it is, no doubt, just as well.—Fresh and lively, but not quite official, details were published about the Morocco Mission yesterday morning, and the French politely insinuated, in the Niger affair, that Lord ABERDARE is a—let us say, a Gladstonian canvasser.

The Law Courts. This day week the Appeal Court decided the case of BOTTEMS *v.* The Corporation of York. Mr. BOTTEMS, a contractor, had unfortunately looked only at the surface of things, and had undertaken a job at an impossibly low price. But the Court gave him no relief.—The man NEILL, charged with the girl-poisonings, was before Sir JOHN BRIDGE on Monday,

when much of the evidence already given at the inquest on MATILDA CLOVER was repeated, and a little added.—In the remarkable rating qualification case of GORDON *v.* WILLIAMSON, the Court of Appeal reversed Mr. Justice DENMAN's decision, whereby a common informer lost his anticipated gain.—The extremely important case of WALKER *v.* BAIRD, in which the liability of HER MAJESTY's officers to be called in question by local Courts in consequence of executing duties imposed on them by international arrangements is involved, came before the Privy Council on Tuesday. On the same day the "World's End" Socialist meeting business was ended, on a suggestion of Sir PETER EDLIN's, by the defendants submitting and being bound over to keep the peace.—On Wednesday Mr. Justice KEKEWICH granted an injunction with costs against the Federation of Trade and Labour Unions, with Mr. J. H. WILSON, M.P., at its head, in respect of a boycotting circular directed against Messrs. PINK, the well-known jam-makers. The persons implicated in the literary fraud case were committed for trial, and Mrs. THOMPSON, the eternal, reappeared and redisplayed.

The Bisley Meeting. Captain EDGE, of Derby, won the Winans Cup in the Albert Prize competition yesterday week. Last Saturday Scotland won the Elcho Shield, Cambridge the Chancellor's Plate, and the mother-country the Kolapore Cup. The earlier part of this week at Bisley was chiefly occupied in enduring torrents of rain and shooting off the stages of the Queen's (which will not be completed till to-day) and other prizes. On Wednesday the first stage of the Queen's, with the Association bronze medal, was won by Private HARRIS, of Manchester, with, in spite of excessively unfavourable weather, the very high score of 96. On the same day, in a private revolver competition, an Irish shot, Mr. JOYNT, made the same number; but out of 100, not 105—which is said to be the highest pistol score yet attained at 50 yards. On Thursday the China Cup was won by the First London, and the St. George's Vase by Private GRAY of the First Norfolk, with a sort of *plusquam* highest possible.

Yachting and Boating. At Belfast yesterday week the *Meteor* beat the *Iverna*, and the *Corsair* won in the forties. The *Iverna* and the *Queen Mab* were the winners in the second day of this (the Royal Ulster) regatta. The prize in this, however, was after all given to the *Meteor*, at the request of Mr. JAMESON himself, a technical informality having disqualified the *Iverna*. She had her revenge in the St. George's Regatta, on Wednesday, in Dublin Bay, where, in a joint match for the bigger yachts and the forties, the *Meteor* carried away her bowsprit, and Mr. JAMESON's yacht came in first, with much more than her time-lead of the smaller cutters. The *Meteor* and the *Thalia* were the winners on the second day in light airs. The Wingfield Sculls, on Friday week, were won by Mr. VIVIAN NICKALLS. There have been rowing regattas during the week at Molesey and elsewhere.

Racing. Very unusual interest attached to the Sandown Meeting yesterday week because Orme was there to make his first appearance since what is diplomatically called his "illness." St. Damien and Llanthony were the only three horses of his own age of any importance opposed to him; but he had to meet two four-year-olds of merit, Orvieto, a near kinsman of his own, and the Frenchman Gouverneur. The last did nothing; but Orme had a tough fight with Orvieto, which he just pulled off, to the satisfaction of everybody, St. Damien being a good third. In the race for another valuable prize, the Sandringham Cup, Mr. JERSEY's Milford, with 9 to 4 on him, was beaten all the way by General OWEN WILLIAMS's Perigord. The chief race at Sandown this day week, the National

Breeders' Produce Stakes, was won by Mr. CUNNINGHAM'S Tibbie Shiels, beating Minting Queen, Grand Duke, and half a score more.—At the Leicester meeting in this week there were some valuable prizes; but the racing (in wretched weather) calls for no particular remark.—Much the same, except as regards the weather, may be said of the Liverpool meeting, which followed.

Cricket. The heavy rains of the end of last week and the beginning of this interfered much with cricket; nevertheless a strong Somerset Eleven succeeded in inflicting a good beating on their neighbours of Gloucestershire this day week. A fine Wednesday enabled the earlier matches of this week to be played out after two very bad days, but the state of the ground must have affected the results. Somerset, who are now a very strong team, thanks chiefly to Messrs. HEWETT and PALAIRET, beat Lancashire, Surrey Sussex, and Middlesex Yorkshire. The scoring in all these matches, except the second, contrasted curiously with the huge batting totals of a week or two ago.

Correspondence. On this day week were published a tardy and not very ingenuous letter from Mr. C. E. HOBHOUSE, M.P., practically admitting the discreditable tactics by which he won East Wilts, and a characteristic one from Archdeacon DENISON, in which he made the, we fear, too true observation that the increasing absenteeism of English landowners has something to do with the county defeats.—Last Saturday Sir EDWARD WATKIN wrote to say that there is nothing like leather—in other words, that a Channel tunnel for Ireland will make us all one; and the county losses in the West were commented on by divers persons, much in the sense of Archdeacon DENISON'S hint.—On Tuesday morning a very singular letter was published from General Sir CHARLES FRASER, late M.P. for Lambeth, giving a most surprising account of the manner in which he was jockeyed out and Mr. STANLEY was not jockeyed in. This letter was subsequently confirmed or complicated by others from Sir HENRY DOULTON and Major TAYLOR, the whole making up a very odd story, which might be published under the title "How to Lose a Seat." Attention has been drawn to the EXSHAW case of nationality in France, which we noticed last week; and there were fresh contributions to the history of the latest edition of Hard Lying, by which so many county seats have been lost and won.—On Thursday morning Mr. HARRY FURNESS published a not unamusing forecast of a fresh election and a Unionist victory; while Mr. NAOROJI contradicted a silly and ill-mannered hoax, which had represented him as having received large sums of money from Indian princes as rewards for getting elected.—Yesterday Lord WEMYSS and others emphasized the lesson of the inutility of bribery which the recent elections have taught—we wish we could think with probable effect; while "TITUS" drew attention to the very interesting notions of veracity entertained by Mr. BYLES, M.P. for Shipley, and exhibited by him on his oath in a court of law.

Miscellaneous. The MAGNIAC sale ended yesterday week with a total of more than 100,000*l.*—Last Saturday much MS. belonging to Sir PHILIP FRANCIS was sold. Some of the less well-informed Juniomaniacs had expected great things from this sale, but the price, 135*l.*, must have dispelled any such hopes, and, indeed, we believe all the documents had been thoroughly searched already.—The London County Council met on Tuesday in (to judge from the expressions of the majority about the new Parliament) a frame of mind exactly resembling that of a fraternity of burglars who should have heard that the policeman was going to be taken off the beat. Mr. CHARLES HARRISON was put into the vice-chair to rest his bones, aching from defeat at Plymouth.—During the

week some Dissenting theologians of the "advanced" school have met at the Nonconformist boarding-house which has been built in the suburbs of Oxford, and called Mansfield College. This they modestly designate a Summer School of Theology at Oxford.—There was a great gale on Wednesday, and among other disasters the Liverpool lifeboat was upset, with the loss of three men.—The programme of the Naval Manœuvres was published on Thursday, when the Duke of DEVONSHIRE spoke on Technical Education.

Obituary. Towards the end of last week died THOMAS COOPER, the well-known Chartist poet, a man of great energy and some genius, who, living to eighty-eight, had seen to some extent the error of his earlier ways; also, by a sad and trivial accident, General Sir ARTHUR HARDINGE, Extra Equerry to the QUEEN, a soldier who had seen service from the Sikh wars onward, and had specially distinguished himself in the Crimea.—The works of the late Mr. THOMAS COOK, of COOK'S TOURS, are before all men, and all men may judge of them. Undoubtedly Mr. COOK was an excellent example of the faculty of driving a nail where it will go. Whether, like a large number of persons in this country, he did not overlook the fact that there is no short cut to any good or any pleasure, and that the virtues of travelling are, as in other cases, diminished in exact proportion to the diminution of personal initiative in it, is, perhaps, a metaphysical question.—At any rate, this charge could not be brought against Mr. JOHN MACGREGOR, of "Rob Roy" fame, a "roving" Englishman of an excellent type.—The obituary of Thursday contained the names of two well-known persons of English blood, who had for many years been domiciled in Italy. One was Mr. REID, of Amalfi, the other Mr. LIVINGSTON, the famous "Florentine American," who used to drive twenty-four-in-hand.

Books, &c. The Clarendon Press has published this week a rather unexpected, but in its way valuable, selection from the *Speeches of the Statesmen and Orators of the French Revolution*, edited by Mr. H. MORSE STEPHENS (2 vols.) Mr. STEPHENS, if he has something of the fanaticism, has much of the knowledge, of the specialist, and a great deal of the matter here, though of little literary, is of immense historical importance, while it is almost inaccessible to the general reader and even to the ordinary student. After a considerable intermission the series of "English Men of Letters" (MACMILLAN) has received an addition in the shape of a volume on CARLYLE, which had been long promised and assigned by report to more than one hand. It now appears from that of Emeritus Professor NICHOL.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

THE elections are, with the exception of the Orcades, concluded, and Mr. GLADSTONE has an utmost possible majority of forty-two. This majority includes the Labour members, who are at this moment endeavouring to defeat his lieutenant at Newcastle; the Parnellites, who, politically speaking, would only be too happy to spring up, like their predecessors of the Mountain, on the benches of St. Stephen's, and cry, "The blood of PARNELL chokes thee"; and the Anti-Parnellite Nationalists, who avowedly serve GLADSTONE for the sake of Home Rule and nothing else. Without the Nationalists, even counting the Labour people, he is in a minority of about forty; with them on the other side, in a minority of a hundred and twenty. In Great Britain he is in a minority of 15—or, as the *Daily News* more facetiously puts it, "Great Britain desires 'to see Home Rule carried,' and apparently intimates her desire by returning a majority of 15 in the other sense. His own special party is superior to the Tories

proper by less than the doubtful Labour votes, which must be reckoned in it to make it superior at all. Finally, the Liberal-Unionists, whom it was his avowed purpose and hope to sweep off the face of Parliament, if not of the earth, have come back, in diminished numbers indeed, but stronger than his own strongest majority.

There must be some Gladstonians, we should think, even if there are not a good many, who are contemplating these wages of sin with profound misgivings. The sin itself was an uncommonly heavy "day's darg." There was no Eight-hours movement at work to qualify the exactions of the capitalist who employed them on this occasion. A good many of the triumphant members have personally condescended to the lowest form of lying—the dissemination of falsehoods, which they knew to be false, in such a fashion as to be out of the grasp of the law. A good many more have indulged in promises which they know they are extremely unlikely to fulfil, and which, if they could fulfil them, could be discharged only by the plunder of other people's property. A larger number still have traded in minor ways upon sheer ignorance and gullibility. It may be urged that these are only lovers' perjuries—things common in electioneering. This is not true; for the line has always been drawn at positive lying—the main Gladstonian engine—by even the boldest electioneers who have some self-respect. But suppose it were true. There remains the action to which all Gladstonians are pledged. We do not refer to the Sibylline fragments of Newcastle, or other programmes which may or may not be reassembled or picked up one by one. These are now being diligently hunted up in the hope of finding something less hot and less heavy to handle than Home Rule, and better suited for raising a "cry" against Toryism, the House of Lords, and so forth. They contain many things almost certainly hurtful and dangerous, but perhaps nothing which an honest and intelligent man may not, in some moment of crotchet, or personal delusion, or fixed idea, conceivably entertain as beneficial. With Home Rule it is different. At the very best—after making the most enormous and illegitimate allowance for the chapter of accidents—no one can say that it is other than an excessively dangerous experiment. There is no man of any brains living (except Mr. GLADSTONE, who has the faculty of restricting his knowledge to suit his desires) who does not know it to be so. Again, it has been practically demonstrated, in the course of the last six years, to be an entirely unnecessary experiment. Yet more, the recent elections, by the change of representation, have shown that, in quite conceivable circumstances, by the exercise of more energy, more forethought, and more courage on the part of the Irish loyalists, it is an experiment which Ireland herself might in a few years cease to demand. Yet to put themselves, or to put Mr. GLADSTONE, in power, his British minority has consented to make, with the help of his Irish majority, this experiment, which is certainly dangerous, which is possibly ruinous, which is demonstrably unnecessary, which may not improbably prove altogether gratuitous and premature.

This is the sin—the unpardonable sin—against their country which the Gladstonian minority in Great Britain have committed for the immediate solace of turning out Lord SALISBURY, and the distant prospect in some—not in all—cases of accomplishing private fads and satisfying private grudges of this or that individual, class, province, or sect. But besides the solace and the prospect, their paymaster, who likes to be ostensibly large in his payments, has given them and their chief the solid present wages of majority above described. It is, of course, impossible to say how that majority will work. It may work together as one man, though it is, as a matter of fact, composed of,

so to speak, at least four men, each of whom hates one or more of the other three with an almost perfect hatred. It may prove entirely superior to that sapping influence of bye-elections from which every majority on record has hitherto suffered. It may survive, not merely the ordinary accidents of Parliamentary warfare, but certain other accidents peculiar to its constitution and leadership, of which it is not necessary now to speak. It may, we say, do all this, just as a condemned musket may be good for any number of further shots. Sharp practitioners on the coast of Africa and elsewhere do, they say, sometimes conclude bargains with such muskets, and really it would seem as if the Great Master whom the Gladstonians serve had paid them in something very similar for their long day's work.

MR. COOK OF THE EXCURSIONS.

THE late Mr. COOK, whose death was announced this week, may variously be regarded as a universal benefactor, or as one of those awful scourges, like ATTILA and GENGHIZ KHAN, with whom Providence is occasionally pleased to devastate the world. Mr. COOK's idea was not, perhaps, absolutely original—no ideas are—but it is improbable that he derived it from HUGH DE PAGANIS, early in the twelfth century. HUGH bound himself by a vow to keep the roads clear in the Holy Land, and to conduct pilgrims personally. He also took up the life of a Regular Canon, which formed no part of Mr. COOK's programme; but, like Mr. COOK, he prospered, and he became the founder of the Knights Templars. Their prosperity, as is well known, proved their bane, and the Knights were ferociously tortured and executed in various parts of the Continent. Possibly the day may come when an outraged Europe will rise up against COOK's tourists and put them on the rack, and then it will be a question whether our Government, if we happen to have any, should interfere. But Mr. COOK's real prototypes are rather the leaders of the vast barbarian hordes, say of the Cimmerians, who perhaps were Welsh, and who devastated civilization. BRENNUS and ATTILA are among his spiritual ancestors. These, too, brought down noisy hordes from the North, who swept like whirlwinds through the temples and museums of ancient Rome, full of their fun, and of every liquor they could come by, but by no means of enlightenment in matters of art. M. HALÉVY has lately described one of these modern incursions. Bringing their women with them, the excursionists rush like a cyclone through the Louvre. In two minutes they examine each of the gilded galleries; they are not allowed to dally even over a portrait of CHARLES I., whom they recognize with patriotic emotion. Here is something they have heard of before. But their chief waves them on to fresh conquests, and they all simultaneously exclaim, *Aôh!* We believe this to be the war-cry of the Cookidæ, and to be the modern form of the cry *Aoi*, which ends each *laisse* in the *Chanson de Roland*. It is thus of Norman origin, and Mr. COOK may be regarded as the avenger and counterpart of Duke WILLIAM. M. HALÉVY does not accept this touching antiquarianism, and observes that COOK's tourists are nuisances, and that the women have very large feet.

This is one way of looking at the matter, and the humble isolated Englishman feels no emotion of pride when "the lords of human kind go by," in the Louvre or the Musée Cluny. He would rather, if he could, detach himself in some marked way from their performances, by clinging, perhaps with tears, to the person of one of the guardians of the sacred place, and imploring protection, or by picking up, on his knees, the easels which the trampling multitude has overthrown. It is difficult to see what

the personally-conducted gain in exchange for their money, for they have not one moment (at least, as one sometimes sees them marshalled) to look at the treasures of art on every side. They can at most say that they have been there. Really, it is difficult to believe that much culture can be got in the process. But this is a matter on which only the evidence of persons who have themselves been personally conducted is of any value. Perhaps some of the army of ATTILA got culture, and became amateurs, and could talk of PRAXITELES, and decadence, and the archaistic school. Germs of better things may be sown in a personally-conducted bosom here and there. A tourist or two may slink out of the crowd in Switzerland, and enjoy the solitude and the silence of the hills. On the whole, Mr. COOK's plan does seem to encourage the gregariousness which is the curse of the modern world. People of all classes revel in a crowd and a crush; the child of Nature is becoming very rare. The joys of ZIMMERMAN and of OBERMANN are not appreciated; all pleasure must be in the nature of a Bank Holiday. This is partly the result of Mr. COOK's inspiration, but he was merely the infant of his age, and went but where the general tendencies took him. It is understood that his tickets may be taken by those who do not go with his multitude to make holiday. He was a considerable organizer, and doubtless could have relieved Khartoum if he had been given a fair chance. In one respect he may be praised—we never heard that COOK's tourists were not honest, or that they left bad debts scattered up and down the face of Europe, as is too common with more isolated wanderers of our imperial race. If he supplanted Milords, he did not send out swindlers.

FROM OTTAWA TO WESTMINSTER.

THE election of Mr. EDWARD BLAKE for South Longford was a very adroit proceeding on the part of the clerical TADPOLES and TAPERS in Ireland. Mr. BLAKE is a Canadian lawyer and statesman whose reputation has passed beyond the limits of the Dominion. He has been Prime Minister of his own Province of Ontario; he has held high office in the Canadian Cabinet under Mr. MACKENZIE; he has been the leader of the Liberal party in the Ottawa Parliament; he is an opponent of the clique which favours annexation to the United States; a Unionist as regards England and the colonies, an advocate of the integrity of the Empire, as he understands it. He is, therefore, a capture very valuable to the Separatists, who are able to use him for purposes for which, if he fully understood them, he would decline to be employed. He is, we believe, a Protestant. Mr. GLADSTONE will be able to point to Mr. BLAKE's election for South Longford as a proof of the conscientious care with which Roman Catholic majorities keep the spheres of politics and religion apart. Talk of persecution after this! The Roman Catholic Bishops see the importance of supplying illustrations of Mr. GLADSTONE's argument. They are very dexterous fishers of men. Mr. BLAKE is at once their prey and their bait; they have angled for him, and they purpose to angle with him. They have hooked him, and they intend by means of him to hook others. From another point of view, Mr. BLAKE's election strengthens the Anti-Parnellites. The members of that party possess many shining and solid qualities. They are a little lacking, however, in that scarcely definable, but easily intelligible, attribute which is called respectability. The instinct which leads men to strengthen their weak point has induced them to wrap themselves up in the innocent simplicity of Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY. It has prompted the welcome which they give to Mr. BLAKE, who is a

scholar, a lawyer, and a statesman of repute. He in some degree weakens the argument from Mr. DAVITT and Mr. TIM HEALY.

In ordinary circumstances Mr. BLAKE's election would be interesting and important. He is not the only instance in our time of a politician who has transferred himself from Colonial to Imperial politics. Mr. LOWE, to speak of Lord SHERBROOKE by the name which alone has any political significance, and Mr. CHILDERS served their apprenticeship to public life in Australia. But they were Englishmen in the colonies, and not colonists in England. In a political sense, they can scarcely be said to have had their domicile in New South Wales or Victoria. They had always the intention of returning. Mr. BLAKE is a Canadian by birth, by education, and by uninterrupted residence, by his professional pursuits and by his public career. His presence, and that of men like him, is very desirable in the House of Commons if properly introduced there. On many subjects he will be able to speak with an authority which few men possess. But he is elected not because he knows a good deal about Canada, but because he knows nothing about Ireland. When Mr. BLAKE has had some experience of the House of Commons, and of his associates there, the views with which he has entered it may undergo a change. Especially he may see that the loose and elastic relations which are healthy and natural, and which have grown up because they are healthy and natural, between the mother-country and her settlements are impracticable between the several parts of the United Kingdom; that the conditions of union in the former case are the precursors of separation in the other.

Mr. BLAKE's position is in contrast with that of Mr. NAOROJI, M.P. In Mr. PITT's first speech on Parliamentary Reform he spoke of some seven or eight boroughs as belonging rather to the Nabob of Arcot than to the English people, as being more within the jurisdiction of the Carnatic than that of Great Britain. The statement that Mr. NAOROJI had received pecuniary tributes to the amount of 28,000*l.* from Indian princes delighted at his election, and a gift of 10,000*l.* from the Maharajah of Hyderabad for the erection of some memorial of his victory in Central Finsbury, has been contradicted. But the fiction points to the possibility of the wealth of India being employed to bring about now the state of things which Mr. PITT denounced in 1782. Another danger to which he pointed is more likely to be the result of Home Rule. Mr. PITT thought that the venal boroughs of his time might give opportunity to a foreign potentate at enmity with England to plant its agents in the House of Commons. Members of an Irish Parliament in Dublin, and of the Irish contingent in Westminster, may very easily become the instrument and stipendiaries of foreign Powers, across the Atlantic or the Channel. The hands of Irish patriots are as familiar with American gold now as they were with French gold a century ago. Men like Mr. BLAKE, of honour and independence, would, we fear, be little in favour, or in favour only as screens for less reputable associates.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

WE received last week—too late, to our great regret, for notice in its issue—a letter from a distinguished member of the latest school of verse-writing in France, M. FRANCIS VIELÉ-GRIFFIN. Its contents were as follows:—

"The *Saturday Review* having explicitly asserted (July 2, 1892) that M. Viélé-Griffin had employed the year 1890 'exhibiting the effects of what he (T. de Banville) calls "the New Graces," "Absinthe, Névrose, Morphine," in

assommoirs and *hôtels garnis*, I do not doubt that, by the speedy insertion of this note, you will be glad to destroy any erroneous impression your readers may have formed concerning my personal character.

"Whatever your correspondent may please to say of French art and 'prosodies,' groundless and gross libel will prove (in England, I hope, as in France) prejudicial—to its author only."

To make this letter fully intelligible to a forgetful generation we must, we fear, quote ourselves. This is the passage to which M. VIELÉ-GRIFFIN refers:—

"There is a pleasant melancholy, not unmixed with mirth, in reading the posthumous *Dernières poésies* of the late M. de Banville. They contain, we think, putting any pathetic fallacy quite out of question, better work than he had published for a good many years, and besides this they are an admirable foil to the

School Verlainian, Jean-Moréasian, Viélé-Griffinian, Corybant,

as the Laureate might have sung, only that he did not. While these latter gentlemen (we except M. Verlaine himself, who is a poet, though an ill-guided one) were trying new prosodies in style radically antipathetic to French, M. de Banville, with only reasonable and ancestral licenses, was still showing how perfectly flexible any prosody is in the hands of a poet. While they were exhibiting the effects of what he calls in one of the most powerful pieces here the 'Three New Graces,' 'Absinthe, Névrose, Morphine,' in *assommoirs* and *hôtels garnis*, he was still on the heights and in the woods of Arcady with Dionysus and Aphrodite and the real Graces."

Now, we could enter several pleas in bar of M. VIELÉ-GRIFFIN's construction of this passage. For instance, we might suggest to him that, in order to make that imputation upon his personal habits which he deprecates, it would have been necessary for us in the first place to put the clause "in *assommoirs* and *hôtels garnis*" immediately after "exhibiting," and that even then we should not necessarily have done it. The poet exhibits what he makes the subject of his verse, and it seems almost needless to say that we spoke of the singer's subjects and not of himself. Yet again, we might urge that, when divers schools or a whole school are spoken of, the imputations made are not individual. Still more, it would be possible to call M. VIELÉ-GRIFFIN's attention to the fact that his method of interpretation leads to some right strange consequences. Did we intend to assert that, on a given date in 1890, actual Corybantes were in an actual *assommoir*? Did we assert—which, according to his exegesis, we must have done—that M. THÉODORE DE BANVILLE, a *fil des croisés*, then to the best of our knowledge a householder in France, having reached his seventieth year, was walking on the heights of Arcadia, Greece (uncommonly bad places to walk on, if we may trust travellers), in the company of one DIONYSUS, a male person with a panther skin and a thyrsus for all clothing, of a female person, very handsome but of doubtful morals, and of three damsels entirely destitute of garments? We assure M. VIELÉ-GRIFFIN that these assertions were made in an entirely figurative and Pickwickian sense.

Let us add, not only that we have never heard, and that if we had heard we should certainly not have alluded to, the slightest aspersion on his personal fair fame; but that, even in reference to his works, the first and not the second sentence of the parallel was alone intended to apply to them. M. VIELÉ-GRIFFIN, as far as we know, has, even as a poet, never made any *attentat* on any *pudeur* except that of Prosody, has never taken too much of anything except feet. We trust this is handsome; it is certainly sincere. And we may add, dropping *persiflage* altogether, that we are as sincerely sorry for any personal annoyance which his misunderstanding of our words may have caused him.

TORY DEMOCRACY AND CONSERVATIVE POLICY.

WHETHER the present is distinctly the most or precisely the least opportune moment for inviting "Tory Democrats" to reconsider their principles is a question which admits of being debated with almost unlimited room for dialectical ingenuity and at a length delightfully interminable. Those who sustain the former proposition may say that there could be no more favourable opportunity for approaching the unsuccessful Radicalizing "vote-cadger" who calls himself a Tory, and bidding him to the work of political self-examination, than on the morrow of a contest when he has learnt how vain is the competition in which he has been engaged with the real and original, the old-established, the highly-trained, and long-experienced vote-cadgers of the opposite party. But, on the other hand, it may be plausibly said that to address the disappointed Tory Democrat in this sense just now is as unfitting as it would be to recommend a keen but baffled angler at the close of a blank day to interrogate himself seriously as to the morality of killing fish for sport. At such a moment he would far rather that you talked to him of the contents of his fly-book, and put him up to some new and more killing lure. Hence, by analogy, it is at least open to doubt whether the author of the well and ill written, shrewd and silly, sensible and fantastic, volume entitled *Tory Democracy and Conservative Policy* has published it at the most or the least hopeful juncture for obtaining attentive and tractable readers in the world of active politicians. We are not without hope, however, that even the most impatient of the defeated vote-cadgers to whose address the author's criticisms are so largely, if not always intentionally, directed may be awakened in spite of themselves by its perusal. Even if politics still remains to them simply and solely a *chasse aux bulletins*, it may yet dawn upon them that there are other ways of pursuing the quarry. For instruction in this sense nothing of course can compete in point of eloquence with the actual dramatic facts of the case. For three or four years you address yourself without stint or scruple to the work of winning the rural elector by gifts at the expense of your principles and of your own and other people's pockets. You formally recant the inhuman doctrine that it is the duty of the parent to educate his child and you hand him the school fees, with apologies for having kept him so long waiting. You administer another blow to the declining authority—and utility—of the country gentry by establishing a costly elective system of county government in place of a cheap nominative system. You ply HODGE with allotments and small holdings and such promises in connexion therewith as you can reconcile to your conscience. And then at the last moment up steps a brisk Gladstonian carpet-bagger, and shatters all your deep-laid plans in a moment by informing HODGE that the gallon-loaf will shrink to half its size if he returns your candidate. Such an easy triumph for an adversary's principles is enough to make any politician review his own convictions with much anxiety.

The author of *Tory Democracy and Conservative Policy* may, as we have admitted, supply a fresh stimulus in certain cases to this process; but, on the whole, he addresses himself much more directly to the political thinker than to the so-called practical politician. His book has that most refreshing of all qualities about it, that it is the work of a man who has honestly endeavoured to understand his own political position and principles, to group them together on a rational and consistent plan, and to construct an intelligible and satisfying theory of their application. Of course he is not uniformly successful. No one ever attained to complete and uniform success in such a task. And

equally of course—or he would endeavour to explain them away—he is not conscious of his failures. But they are none the less instructive for that, and though his view, either of Toryism as a creed or of Conservatism as a policy, is not ours, we can go a good way with him in his sometimes vigorous and trenchant, if too often somewhat noisily “new-humorous,” and more than slightly vulgar, attacks on the sham Toryisms, and still more hatefully counterfeit Conservatisms, of the day. His strength and his weakness are especially well illustrated in his chapter on the development of the House of Lords—which, by the way, is itself a fairly typical illustration of the working of his development theory in general. Nothing could be better deserved than the scorn which he heaps on the tinkering pseudo-Conservative would-be reformers of the Upper House. Eminently true is his remark about the various plans for “strengthening the House of Lords,” for infusing “new blood” into it, for impressing it with the “representative principle,” and all the rest of the jargon that “any semi-intelligent bank-holiday-maker” could, with the aid of the first two rules of arithmetic, “have worked out a scheme as good as the best of them” “in the leisure moments of a trip to the seaside.” Yet no sooner does he exchange the critical for the constructive than we find him launching out on his own account upon an elaborate scheme of reconstitution which leaves him with an addition of thirty-eight time-peers, as he calls them, to the House of Lords, of whom fourteen are to “represent” religion (by the association of Nonconformist and Roman Catholic time-peers with the Bishops); ten are to sit for Medicine and Science, one, the President of the Royal Academy, for art, literature, and the whole domain which is covered by those words; seven for—but the projector’s own bank-holiday-maker might almost be left, so familiar is it, to complete the list. The descent from critical Toryism to developed Conservatism is calamitous, and the warning awful.

This decidedly clever, but at present imperfectly ballasted, young man—for young he must be—has yet to discover the melancholy truth that his theory of “development,” meaning thereby, not an internal self-caused change in institutions, but a certain mode of their external adaptation, is a delusion and a snare. Institutions may develop themselves; institutions may, and do, adapt themselves to their altered surroundings; and the best proof that they have done so, and are continuing to do so, is that they still exist. But it does not follow from this that it is possible for the politician to renew or to accelerate or to intensify or to prolong this process on his own account and at pleasure. Even if its details were not, as they usually are, most obscure—even, that is to say, if it were possible to indicate precisely what the desired process is, the mere fact that it was artificially super-induced will, in all probability, be fatal to its efficacy. But it is a no less formidable objection to the “development” theory that it is capable of being pressed into the service of any sort of innovation whatsoever. Does the author of *Tory Democracy* suppose, for instance, that the “vote-cadging” Tory Democrat, of whom he entertains so holy a hatred, is a vote-cadger confessed? Does he imagine that the “Conservative” competitor with Radicals in the Dutch auction of electioneering politics has nothing to say for himself, that he is unprovided with his own pseudo-philosophical theory, or that he would have the least difficulty in proving to you that this, that, or the other surrender of Conservative principle is not surrender, but “development”? If he doubts this, let him interrogate the apologists of Conservative Opportunism from the day of the Reform Act of 1867 down to the present hour. He will find that they have all the appropriate jargon pat at the tips of their tongues, and can triumphantly de-

monstrate to any one that the country has undergone a democratic revolution on strictly Tory principles.

THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY.

LORD ABERDARE’S Report comes when it is welcome as a reminder that one of our African Companies is proving a substantial, if not a very lucrative, success. The Royal Niger Company pays a modest dividend of 6 per cent., and is laying a solid foundation for a prosperous English dominion in West Africa. We learn with regret that some remarks we recently made on our West African settlements as a whole have appeared unfair to our countrymen settled in the delta of the Niger. A polite, but convincingly-worded expostulation has been addressed to us by Major MACDONALD, HER MAJESTY’S Consul-General and Commissioner for Old Calabar. The Niger delta, he assures us, is not all swamp. It is only swamp to an extent which is pardonable in any delta. Cannibalism is not universal; but, thanks largely to the spread of Mahometanism, limited to a few untaught, and perhaps unteachable, tribes. Human sacrifice, too, is much restricted. English agents no longer live in squalor, varied or intensified by raw rum. On the contrary, they have decent houses, eat well-cooked dinners, play lawn-tennis, and, in fact, make little clearings for civilized life, after the manner of other adventurous Englishmen in barbarous parts. Major MACDONALD protests—as we can well believe with perfect truth—that, whatever effect the Niger might have on a bishop, it has produced no visible deterioration in his manners and morals. In short, our observations, inspired by a general historical survey, were not properly limited as to place, and did not allow sufficiently for the improving influence of time and the Royal Niger Company. We accept these corrections with great satisfaction.

As we began by saying, Lord ABERDARE’S Report is a record of good work done quietly. The Company is increasing its posts, improving its flotilla, establishing friendly relations with native potentates, and wisely drawing back where persistence might lead to collisions which would be at least premature. Fanatical Arabs have put a stop to the execution of a treaty with the Sultan of SOKOTO; but such checks can be endured. Over the already extensive region worked by the Company trade is improving. The increasing number of independent traders who are settling in the region is a practical proof of prosperity. Lord ABERDARE says, with some philosophy, that they have a right to take advantage of what the Company has done to facilitate trade, and give security to traders. Let us hope they are not ungrateful for the service rendered, and that they temper their natural complaints of small profits by the reflection that but for the Company there would be no profits at all. The passage of the Report which deals with the bragging and the unmannerly charges of Lieutenant MIZON is not at all too strongly worded. The conduct of that officer since his return to Paris is one of the many pieces of evidence which go to prove that the modern Frenchman finds an insuperable difficulty in behaving like a gentleman. He is only one of several French travellers—there has been an Orléanist Prince among them—who, after visiting our territory, after receiving hospitality or even help, after returning effusive thanks while there was a possibility they might need help again, have gone back to Paris and have called the Englishmen whom they had just beslobbered with gratitude “rogues and rascals from a garret.” Unlike their great exemplar and the parrot, they do mean mischief. It is fortunate they cannot effect much.

Lieutenant MIZON made a successful tour in Africa, of which the greater part was in the German Hinterland. He has come back with a little negro girl, who has given the interviewers plenty of work, and he has bragged on platforms. As a matter of course, he has made use of the old commonplaces concerning "Perfidious Albion." On that point it seems to be impossible for any Frenchman, at any time, to be sane. In these days he indulges in a style of polemic which, if not copied from Irish patriot eloquence, is inspired by the same spirit. Lieutenant MIZON does more than hint that his life was attempted by poison, and that by a plot of more than Machiavellian profundity—his boat was so villainously repaired by an English carpenter that she sank, or would or could have sunk. Nay more, a steamer belonging to the Company on which he happened to be was actually run on a sand-bank. These things were done by Carthage, and her daughter, Perfidious Albion, does them now. And this is heard with credulity and applause in Paris. Lieutenant MIZON is currently described as "the hero," and his journey, which was all in districts already crossed by other travellers, is spoken of in language which would be a little inflated if used of BARTH, or BRUCE, or MUNGO PARK. African exploration and African empire are the fashion of the day in Paris, and the most is made of the Lieutenants MIZON. As for the talk of such heroes, the best thing to do is to quote the motto of the KEITHS, "They say. What say they? Let them say." When next a Frenchman comes to one of the Company's posts, it will be advisable to assign him an empty house, let him repair his own boat, find his own steamer, and cook his own dinner. In the meantime the Company can go on with its solid work.

THE SOFIA TRIALS.

THE mills of M. STAMBOULOFF grind slowly enough to have provoked some, though not, it is fair to say, any very reasonable protest; but they grind quite as small as the necessities of the case demand. It is, on the whole, not bad "practice" to have brought down twelve out of eighteen persons prosecuted on a charge of conspiracy to commit a crime, the actual authors of which have never been captured, and in all probability never will be. The trial is stated to have been conducted with "scrupulous fairness," which makes the result all the more satisfactory so far as the ends of justice are concerned; though it entitles us to say that they conspire very badly in Bulgaria if prosecutions conducted with scrupulous fairness are so fatal in their results. In Western countries, as a rule, there is considerable difficulty in tracing home political crimes from the hands that commit them to the hands that plan them; and, generally speaking, it may be said that, if you do not manage to get hold of the hands, and in their "red" condition, you are likely to end in getting hold of nobody at all. In Bulgaria they are more fortunate. There, as we have said, you "fire" into the brown," as it were, and bag two-thirds of the entire covey. The result of the Sofia trial is that four of the prisoners are condemned to death, and will, it is believed, be executed; that sentence of death is recorded against a fifth, whose sentence is commuted in consideration of his youth; and the remaining seven are sentenced to imprisonment for terms varying from sixteen months to fifteen years. That among the latter are included a former Premier and Regent, and a Cabinet Minister, is a circumstance which fairly compensates for the fact that the rest were "miscellaneous" and mostly obscure members of one or other of the "discontented groups which have for some years existed in Bulgaria." Slightly to vary the famous reply made to the gentleman who complained that the com-

pany was "rather mixed," we might remind the writer who thus describes the remainder of the prisoners that "he cannot expect them to be all ex-Ministers."

The incidental revelations of the trial were more interesting than the inquiry into the charge itself. Nothing, for instance, in the overt acts of the convict MILAROFF will compare in romantic attraction with the contents of the journal, and the disclosures contained in it respecting Russian intrigues. The history of this man's despatch to Bulgaria with money and revolvers supplied to him by the two "secretaries" of the Slav Benevolent Society for the purpose of assassinating Prince FERDINAND, and the further striking detail that he and his associates had at first undertaken the manufacture of bombs "with the knowledge of General IGNATIEFF and others; but, finding explosives dangerous, had decided on employing revolvers, daggers, and strychnine," would in themselves have sufficed to save the sensational reputation of the proceedings. It is not likely, however, that these revelations will create any embarrassment in Russia, where it seems to be considered quite as natural to persist in plotting the assassination of Prince FERDINAND as it is for M. STAMBOULOFF to reply by court-martials and executions. Neither side appears to think any more of the contest than Lord GRIMTHORPE would of a controversy in the newspapers.

In the meantime the persistence of M. STAMBOULOFF's Russian enemies in their endeavour to compass his destruction is indirectly assisting him to strengthen his position. The trial and conviction of M. KARAVELOFF, against whom it is admitted that "there is practically no evidence," is a mode of ridding oneself of a political opponent to which we have had nothing to correspond in our own history for nearly three hundred years. It is said to be probable that M. KARAVELOFF's sentence will be commuted, but "that his political career has, to all appearance, come to a close." It is long since statesmen in this country have enjoyed these convenient facilities for bringing the careers of their adversaries to a close. The weapon of attainder is no longer within the reach of the oldest Parliamentary hand among us. To meet with it again, in a slightly modified form, among the politicians of a rising nationality is an inspiring reminder that "the world is ever young."

THE MOROCCO DIFFICULTY.

ENGLISHMEN who take any interest in the failure of Sir C. EUAN-SMITH's mission to the Emperor of Morocco, as our fathers called him, may do worse than endeavour to look at the incident from the point of view of Fez. Apart from the moral merit of thus applying the golden rule—for we would prefer that foreigners should look at our conduct from our point of view—the effort will have an enlarging effect on the mind, and will help to a much firmer grip of the situation. Looked at from Fez, then, the final refusal to sign the treaty is, perhaps, not so absurd an act as it seems to us. Trade is, no doubt, an excellent thing. It would be an advantage to the people of Morocco to be able to sell their barley and wheat, their horses and cattle, more freely than they can at present. Investment of European capital in working the mines of the country would unquestionably promote the material prosperity of the people. If all this were done when it was done, even an Emperor of Morocco might be disposed to do it quickly.

But would it be done when it was done? Would not some other consequences follow? These are questions which a Sultan and his Viziers, sitting in council at Fez, may well ask themselves, and reflecting, as Sultans and Viziers may naturally reflect, they have

seen reasons and reasons for thinking it wiser to do nothing. These men must know that European rule follows the European trader. Morocco has already suffered severely from the French dominion in Algeria. Its rulers know what happened a few years ago in Tunis, what views Italy has on Tripoli, what England is doing in Egypt, what the European Powers decided concerning the Soudan only the other day. They met and portioned it out as being *res nullius*, a phrase for which the learned men of Fez, who expound ARISTOTLE in corrupt Arabic, have doubtless an exact equivalent. We know that these things were done out of disinterested love of civilization, and that whatever pecuniary advantages have been incidentally acquired were unforeseen and even hardly desired. To Sultans of Bornu and Sokoto, or negro kings of Uganda, in their benighted ignorance, it looks very like spoliation. The slave caravans from the Soudan which frequent the markets of Morocco have, we may be very sure, already brought reports from Uganda, which must appear very ominous to the SULTAN and his advisers. Looking all round them, they see that European trade interprets itself into European rule with great rapidity. They know that in exact proportion as they allow Vice-Consuls to hoist flags in their towns, and Christian traders to spread over their country, they will give foreign Powers a greater hold on them. Their own "fanatical" subjects hate the unbeliever, and are very capable of rebelling against rulers who appear to encourage his intrusions. Add to this that the SULTAN has in all probability been warned by France, first, of the real motives of perfidious Albion, and then of the measures she herself may be constrained to take if her legitimate interests are found to be in any danger. Considering the perils direct and indirect which compass him about, it is not wonderful that the SULTAN has, after going further than any of his predecessors, finally refused to sign the treaty. It is idle to say that the safe course for him is to accept the inevitable and open his country to all Europeans alike. This policy would not improbably produce a rebellion of true believers which European Powers could make an excuse for intervention; and the inevitable for him would be reduction to the position of the Bey of TUNIS, a fate which no Sultan of Morocco with the spirit of a white rabbit could be expected to undergo without a struggle.

Of course the European Powers can open Morocco if they please. But on this point also it is well to begin by clearing our minds of cant. If Morocco has remained unopened so long, the real explanation is to be found in the mutual jealousies of the European Powers themselves. We have no wish to take part in the war of mutual accusations now going on between the French and English press. It is, however, a fact that the establishment of English or even Spanish influence in Morocco would be as unwelcome to France as Russian supremacy at Kabul would be to us. That is, of course, no reason why we should hold our hand for a second, if we think the game worth the candle, and are prepared to take the consequences of our acts. When Sir C. EUAN-SMITH makes his report we shall learn those details of the history of his mission which are needed to make its story fully intelligible. In the meantime we know from the French themselves that they have acted in opposition to our Envoy. The real opponent in Morocco is, therefore, a European Power, and that is the capital fact of the situation which Lord SALISBURY did not paint too strongly when he compared it to the endless imbroglia of the Eastern question. In the meantime it is absurd to blame the much-badgered SULTAN for taking what may well appear to him to be necessary measures of self-defence.

The amusing report from an unofficial eye-witness of Sir C. EUAN-SMITH's failure, which reached London on Friday morning, is perfectly consistent with the supposition that MULEY EL HASSAN has been mainly

influenced by fear. There are many signs of cunning and of tergiversation in his conduct all through; but they are of that childish, and one may almost use the kindlier word childlike, kind which is not usual with barbarous potentates who find themselves between the fell incensed points of mighty opposites. It is eminently probable that the riot got up by the soldiers of Bushta el Bagdaki against the British Vice-Consul's flagstaff was not unexpected by the SULTAN himself. His young men are unquestionably as ready to start a fray when the chief wants one as the clansmen of CAMERON of Lochiel. All the rest of the story—the tardy appearance of Viziers and the bodyguard to restore order, the invitation to the Palace, the SULTAN's anxiety for the safety of Sir C. EUAN-SMITH's life, the stealing of the horses and mules of the Embassy, and their return when it appeared that the Minister could go without them, the despatch of envoys after the Mission with orders to complete the treaty, the apparent progress made in the negotiation, the final discovery that the text of the treaty had been sophisticated—all these are incidents familiar enough to those who have some acquaintance with the history of the relations of European Powers to Indian princes. The story shows that MULEY EL HASSAN can have recourse to lies and intrigues, like other Oriental sovereigns. But these are methods which they do not commonly use except when they find themselves in danger. In this case, if the Sultan of MOROCCO had not thought himself in some peril he would not have lied to Sir C. EUAN-SMITH, for the very sufficient reason that the English Embassy would not have been allowed to come within sight of Fez. He was sufficiently afraid of us not to refuse to receive the Mission, and if he had only been afraid of us the treaty would have been signed. But he is also afraid of other peoples and things, and some one of them has seemed to him more immediately terrible than the anger of England, and the treaty has not been completed.

Sir C. EUAN-SMITH will perhaps be able to tell us whether the fear by which the SULTAN has been influenced has been justified by a serious danger, or has been to any great extent exaggerated by his imagination. In the meantime the French cannot reasonably complain if their loud exultation is understood by us to indicate with sufficient clearness the original source of the SULTAN's fears. If the French are so intensely delighted at the failure of the English Mission, it is presumably because they have a lively conviction that its success would in some way have injured them. It is not only because they see in the return of Sir C. EUAN-SMITH without a treaty a final rebuke to that wicked Unionist Ministry which has, horrible to relate, shown a decided want of sympathy with the blameless French. Given this view on their part, it is not flattery to say that they are eminently capable of taking active measures. Also, they have the means to take them when necessary. The Sultan of MOROCCO is menaced by rivals and pretenders, and it is always in the power of the French to use some of these instruments against him. Whether he has been warned that, in case he became too friendly with England, it would no longer be possible to restrain certain enemies of his, we do not know. But the sudden collapse of the negotiations just when a French envoy was on his way is at least compatible with that supposition.

BRITISH OFFICERS AND THEIR WEAPONS.

TIME was when to be an expert swordsman was looked upon as one of the most essential qualifications an officer could possess, and several of our most celebrated soldiers at the commencement of the century were remarkable as much for their personal prowess with the sword as

for any of the larger gifts which go to form a great commander. Sir William Napier could run or jump with any one of the gallant members of his regiment, and records how, in the race for the rocks at La Rhune, he was "not a foot behind" the most active of them. And he could hold his own with the foils, the single-sticks, or the bayonet, as well as in mere bodily activity. Marshal Beresford, too, was a man of magnificent physique, and owed his life to his thews and sinews when he found himself engaged in a rough and tumble that would have shocked Von Moltke with the Polish Lancers at Albuera. Lord Anglesey was also a typical "beau sabreur," and even when he lost a leg could sit a horse with more grace than most mortals can display with two. During the Mutiny and Sikh wars hand-to-hand encounters, in which the leaders on either side set a shining example to their followers, were by no means uncommon, and almost all the men on our side who came to the front could hold their own, and more than do so, even with the expert hereditary swordsmen who rode against them. Nicholson was as efficient with his arm and wrist as with his quick decision and active brain. Hodson of Hodson's Horse was the very ideal of a cavalry leader, and his name was terrible to the natives as much, perhaps, by reason of his reputation as a swordsman as because of any of the other soldier-like qualities of which he was possessed. Sir Dighton Probyn, when he was at the head of his native cavalry squadrons, was looked up to by his followers as a very Paladin, and could beat the best of them at tent-pegging, lemon-slicing, or any of the tests of horsemanship dear to men who are soldiers by tradition, birth, and predilection.

Last, but not least, there were few men in India twenty years ago who would have cared to meet Lord Roberts, as we must now learn to call him, at any of these exercises if a heavy stake depended on the issue. Even now, when years and the cares of office may reasonably be supposed to have somewhat dimmed his eye, it is a refreshing sight to see the Commander-in-Chief take the first "peg," as he usually does, at the Simla gymkhanas, and to note that he can wield a lance with a dexterity which none of those who follow him will surpass, and not a man of his age in all India equal. Nor is it in our armies alone that such qualities in officers have ever commanded admiration. The brilliant Murat, vain and theatrical as he was in dress and manner, when the battle was at its height was never more thoroughly at his ease, and never showed more strikingly to advantage. The handsome figure covered with lace and frippery was always wont to shoot far ahead of the squadrons behind him into the *mêlée*, and regarded a chance as thrown away which did not enable him to lay several opponents low by the superior skill he could display with the sabre. Lasalle, young, bright, and intelligent, who fell at Wagram, the best leader of cavalry in Europe, with the one exception we have just been speaking of, at two-and-thirty years of age, owed much of his influence and authority to his fine riding and his cunning of fence. In our own times Skobeleff was just such another, and the halo of romance which played about him arose in a large degree from the physical advantages he could boast of amongst his uneducated troopers. Valentine Baker's is another name which will occur amongst several others, some of whom are happily with us still, and we may hope that, unless the character of Englishmen widely alters, we may never lack a plentiful supply of men of the same quality.

While, however, there is still room for the display of skill with the *arme blanche* to those of the officers of our army who may in one of our smaller wars become engaged with some foeman not only worthy of their steel, but perhaps chivalrous enough to give their steel a chance of showing its temper, foes who fling assegais or hurl spears are impenetrable to the niceties of sword-play, and their brutal methods of slaying give little opening for the graces of self-defence. They must be fought with weapons rapidly and decisively deadly, and the revolver is undoubtedly the queen of such. Therefore it will appear reasonable to suggest that every young officer ere he goes on service, where his own life and the fortunes of those he leads may be dependent on his being able "to hold straight," should be made to attain some proficiency with a weapon which will, in all probability, have more to do with the preservation of his life, should he ever be brought to close quarters with a savage foe, than the sword at his side. Yet he is often made to spend some hours

weekly playing with the toy in that most stereotyped and mechanical performance termed of the drill sergeant "cutting the sword exercise." A few years ago no man in the army made even the faintest effort to learn the use of a revolver until he found himself "in orders" some fine morning for active service. In nine cases out of ten he then and there proceeded to the nearest "stores," and purchased a weapon without trying it, or making any inquiries beyond what might be answered across the counter. If he did not succeed in shooting himself ere he sailed, as was notably the case with the colonel of a crack regiment of cavalry during the Zulu troubles, he had a pot or two at bottles or the inevitable porpoise from the deck of the transport on his voyage out, and felt equal to engaging the enemy with confidence by the time he reached his destination. Those who have realized how difficult it is to shoot well with a revolver loaded with the heavy service ammunition will well understand how small must have been the effect of shooting by men thus hurriedly prepared. On the other hand, with practice a marvellous degree of accuracy is attainable, and the feats performed by the late Mr. Ira Paine, almost incredible were they not vouched for on unimpeachable authority, clearly prove this. At the South London Rifle Club some years ago he hit a 3-inch bull's-eye ninety-eight times in a hundred shots at a range of twenty yards, and the two which missed the inner ring were within an inch of its edge. On another occasion a target, carefully preserved by the club as a mute witness of his skill, shows that he deftly slew a bluebottle fly which had settled on it twenty yards from where he stood, when his ability to accomplish the feat was challenged by some bystanders. When such precision can be hoped for, it is manifestly absurd not to endeavour to make the most of the weapon capable of it, and we are glad to find that at both Woolwich and Sandhurst energetic steps have been taken lately to encourage our rising officers to practise largely. At both colleges a range for pistol practice has been constructed out of doors, and at Woolwich an indoor gallery is also provided. Instruction is given daily by competent instructors, and we understand that the cadets avail themselves of the facilities provided in a most encouraging manner. The most interesting and likewise the most useful practice is that at the "running man." At a given signal an iron figure emerges from the ambush thirty yards or so from the shooter, and mounted on a light truck is rolled towards him with arm upraised to strike until he gets within twenty paces, when apparently the fire is too much for him, and he recoils in terror back to his snug retreat. The rules prescribe that three shots must be fired with the right hand at the sable warrior as he advances, and then three more with the left must be discharged ere he reaches his sanctuary at the end of the range. The idea is that, whilst the infantry officer's "right grasps the sword," his left (unlike Swift's captain of horse) holds, not the bridle, but the revolver. The three shots must therefore be got in quickly and continuously without lowering the arm, and rapidity of aim, so necessary on the occasions when skill at pistol-shooting becomes of vital importance, is an essential to success. This year a competition between two teams from the nurseries of our officers was for the first time instituted, and took place on the same day as that when the relative skill at gymnastics was decided. The trophy was carried off by the cadets from Woolwich, and the best shot amongst them further gained the regulation sword presented as a prize by the Wilkinson Sword Company to the highest scorer of the winning team, with the excellent score of 52 out of a possible 60 at the "running man" competition, the bull's-eye being 4 inches in diameter. That a lad should be able to hit a moving target with such precision says much for his steadiness of nerve. We trust these competitions may continue, and rejoice that skill with so essential a part of an active-service kit as a revolver has at length a chance of being rewarded as it undoubtedly ought to be.

BASE-BALL.

THE 14th inst. was the day fixed for the match-game of Base-ball between the London Thespians and Buffalo Bill's Wild West team. Siberian cold, a drizzling rain, a bitter wind, and a grey sky did not add to the liveliness of the situation; the only bits of colour were the white wig-

wams, painted squaws with gaudy blanket and moccasined feet dangling over the bare benches, or perhaps a tattooed chief shooting in and out of the arena like a falling star on a dark night. In spite of the day, however, the match was a very interesting one. It was almost a one-sided affair, as the London Thespians, with all their cleverness, could scarcely expect to compete with their American cousins on their own camping-ground, playing what is now idiomatically styled by Americans the great national game. Still, we had no cause to be ashamed of our Thespians, who did some splendid "base-running" and some very brilliant pitching, especially in the fifth, sixth, and eighth innings. The latter was the final, the Wild West team being so much to the fore that the ninth and last innings was declared off by the Umpire, and the American team claimed a fine victory at the close of the eighth innings. The best pitching or bowling was done by Snyder, of the Wild West nine, and the best base-running by Bebb, first batter; likewise some excellent running by Nelson, a half-breed, son of an old trapper well known in Rocky Mountain haunts. Indians are not base-ball players, and never can be. The hand that wields the tomahawk or wings the poisoned arrow is clumsy at the national game; it can neither bat nor pitch, and is absolutely without cunning in the latter art—the which, according to our Transatlantic cousins, is the chief feature of base-ball; and, if this speciality of pitching or throwing is to be considered upon its artistic merits, a slight résumé of the American game may not be amiss.

There exists a very widespread idea that base-ball is the old-fashioned game of rounders, and the idea is not altogether without foundation; the difference being that base-ball is scientific, where rounders is simple. The latter game was named from the four bases or bounds which mark the diamond, and which must be made by the batter after having hit the ball. One base is a fair play; but two are considered brilliant, and in America one has often seen three—even four—bases made at a single hit.

The special science claimed by Americans is in the pitching of the ball, which may be explained in the same way as when at billiards you strike one side of the billiard-ball to have it hit another side. The American pitcher throws the ball with such skill that it makes a curve after it has left the pitcher's hands, and by taking an unexpected course throws the batter completely off the track. This naturally requires no mean skill, as it is one thing to shape the course of a ball on a table, and another to shape the course of a ball in air as it leaves the pitcher's hand. At a recent game played in Boston a pitcher or bowler, by a single throw, put a ball in and out of three stakes, thus demonstrating beyond a doubt that the science of base-ball consists in the curve-throw, and the almost absolute control acquired by the pitcher over the ball. Englishmen doubt the power of a man to throw a ball and make it continue on its travels to a certain point, then from the original impetus curve out or in, up or down—this, too, with incredible speed—until it reach its final destination. The pitcher usually gives a secret sign to the catcher to indicate the curve and ultimatum of the ball, and even then the catcher very often has a hard enough time to prevent the ball passing him.

This may be science, but it savours more of magic, and we would be more inclined to suspect therein the lurking art of a Signor Blitz or Professor Hermann than the "common or garden" practice which has made the American base-ball pitcher so proficient.

In the winter and spring of 1888-89 two famous teams—the "All America," Captain John M. Ward, author of the celebrated *Ward's History of Base-Ball*, graduate of Columbia Law School; and Adrian C. Anson, Captain of the "Chicago"—left New York *via* San Francisco for Australia, Egypt, India, Italy, France, and arrived in London in March of 1889, playing a well-known match at Lord's; but which, owing to most unpropitious weather, did not show the American game to its best advantage. The "fielding" was specially admired, and if the magic pitching or curve-throwing was not fully understood, it excited at least enough interest to make us return willingly to the subject and the history of base-ball.

Sir Frederick Leighton's lovely picture in last year's Academy shows us some Greek maidens playing at ball, and reminds us that it was originally a game for girls; much easier, we fancy, to play in the flowing robes and cinctured waist of the classical Helen than in the shield-skirt, be-stayed, and be-corseted creature known as the modern Hypatia, sympathized with by the modern

Æsculapius, and anathematized by all lovers of Greek drapery and Greek art. Chicago the "miraculous" once boasted a girl base-ball team, but its career was uneventful, and we think women have really left the "field" to men.

The first game of base-ball played in America was in the autumn of 1829, in the Elysian fields of Brooklyn, New York, a goodly company present, but not the twenty-three thousand spectators who, on May 30th (Decoration Day), 1888, paid admission to the great national match in the base-ball grounds of New York city, half a century later. The enthusiasm was something electrical, the ferries weighted with base-ballites, and the great bridge uniting the two cities, black with human beings, hung athwart the sky like a black spider in a tortured web. The excitement spread from Maine to California, and, as pulling a string too tight causes it to break in the middle, so the exaggeration about the great national game had the usual effect—a marked reaction and a considerable falling off in national interest. Just before this, where men had been but amateurs they now became professional players, and the captains, or leading men of the nine, received for the season, from April until October, as high a remuneration as 2,000*l.*, oftentimes more, and seldom less than 1,500*l.* sterling, the former 10,000 hard American dollars, the latter 7,500.

The American college boys still keep up the base-ball excitement; the matches played in spring and autumn between Harvard and Yale create as much public enthusiasm as the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, and are really become public holidays in Boston. When the furore was at its height, Base-ball Leagues were started throughout the States, and the game received therefrom a decided blow. As in the same town it was scarcely possible to keep up interest in Home teams, Professional teams, and the Gentlemen Players called simply "The Nine," there were the usual squabbles amongst directors, leaders, umpires, citizens, friends—to all parties—hence the decline in enthusiasm and the inevitable base-ball reaction. That it should regain its former popularity is doubtful, but it will always hold the first place amongst the best field sports of America. That we are to have rivals in cricket is also doubtful. Our game is too long; Americans are in a hurry, they could never wait days for so simple an issue. A sharp game of base-ball may be played easily in two hours. Batter, fielder, and pitcher may have each his comfortable breakfast at eight, his base-ball at nine, his Wall Street at twelve, and, in season, his strawberry short-cake—another national dish—at one. This leaves a broad margin of time in which life as a business may be "transacted," speculation promoted, and pleasure attempted. The American has plenty of to-morrows, but in the meantime holds tight on to his to-days, and even in his recreation has no intention of wasting all too valuable time.

MONEY MATTERS.

OF the railway dividends so far announced, four are decidedly good, two are fairly satisfactory, and two are disappointing—so much so, indeed, that the market has been more impressed by their badness than by the satisfactory character of the six others. Of the eight railways, one serves the manufacturing districts—the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire. It declares a dividend at the rate of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum, which is the same rate as twelve months ago, and it carries forward to the new half-year about the same amount. Considering the crisis through which the world is passing, and the disorganization of business by the great coal strike, this is as much as could reasonably have been expected. Of the Companies which serve London and the neighbourhood, the London, Brighton, and South Coast declares a dividend at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum against only $3\frac{1}{4}$ twelve months ago; but it carries forward to the new half-year about 10,000*l.* less. It is to be recollected, however, that in the past half-year the Company had to reconstruct some of its bridges, which took about 5,000*l.*, and, therefore, accounts for half the decrease in the balance carried forward. On the other hand, as already stated, the dividend is $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum higher than it was a year ago. This is in accord-

ance with the general expectation, but it is not the less very gratifying to the shareholders. The Metropolitan District Company distributes $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum on its Preference stock against $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. twelve months ago, which is very good. The London, Tilbury, and Southend Company announces a dividend at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. against 2 per cent. last year, which is again very satisfactory; and the Metropolitan declares a dividend at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum upon the Ordinary railway stock, being the same rate as twelve months ago. It, however, gives a bonus of $\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. to the Surplus Land stock. This, again, is very satisfactory. The results in these four cases—the Brighton, the District, the Tilbury, and the Metropolitan—all go to show that the home trade is well maintained, and that more particularly the passenger traffic is growing, and is fully compensating the Companies for any falling off there may be in goods traffic. On the other hand, the South-Eastern Company declares a dividend at the rate of no more than $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per annum, comparing with $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. at this time last year, and it carries forward no more than 1,300*l.*, against somewhat over 2,000*l.* twelve months ago. Whether we look at the rate of dividend or the balance carried forward, the result is very disappointing; and it caused a fall of fully 4*l.* in the Deferred stock, while it weakened for the time being the whole railway market. The Great Eastern announcement is fully as bad as that of the South-Eastern. It declares a dividend at the rate of $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per annum, whereas twelve months ago the rate was $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; the dividend now, that is to say, is barely half of what it was at this time last year; and the balance carried forward is only 4,900*l.*, against somewhat over 4,700*l.* twelve months ago. The gross earnings of the Great Eastern Company were larger by 48,000*l.* than in the corresponding half of last year, yet the working expenses and the fixed charges increased so much more considerably that, as we have seen, the Company has had to cut down its dividend 50 per cent.; indeed, it has been able to pay anything only by taking 20,000*l.* from the Contingent Fund. The Directors in their Report account for this by saying that the advance in wages and the shortening of the hours of labour of many of the employes have been much felt in the expenditure of the Company during the half-year, the pressure to reduce the working hours having gone beyond what was at first understood to be the principal object of the agitation. But though this is no doubt true, it is also unquestionable that the capital expenditure is growing too fast, and consequently the fixed charges are increasing more quickly than the earnings of the Company. The market hopes, however, that the reduction in the dividend will be temporary—firstly, because the great coal strike disorganized the industries of the country during the half-year, and no doubt there will be a recovery in the future; and, secondly, because the Company has a very large suburban traffic, which is steadily growing. Still it appears clear that the management is not as careful and economic as it might be, and it is incumbent upon the Directors to introduce reforms. The case of the South-Eastern, however, is more disappointing than that of the Great Eastern; for, as we have just said, the Great Eastern is expected to recover quickly, while the South-Eastern has been steadily falling off for years. It carries on business under conditions very similar to those of the London and Brighton Company. The Brighton, however, year after year, shows a great increase in its earning powers, whereas the profits of the South-Eastern are as steadily falling. It seems to follow that the South-Eastern does not pay that attention to the requirements of its customers which it ought to do. The accommodation it furnishes is bad and the fares are too high. It has a great suburban traffic, it has a terminus within the City itself, it serves important seaside towns, and it has a large Continental traffic; yet it is steadily losing ground, while the Brighton Company is as steadily gaining ground. Can it be doubted that there must be grave faults of management to account for such a difference?

The efforts of the joint-stock banks to keep up rates have failed, as we anticipated, and the market is once more exceedingly easy with a downward tendency. The prospect of a change of Government here, the electoral contest in the United States, the prorogation of the Spanish Cortes without authorizing a new loan, and the unfavourable reports from Russia, are all checking business in every direction. Bills are exceedingly scarce, there is no speculation, the supply of capital is excessive, and it seems inevitable, there-

fore, that rates must continue very low for the remainder of the summer.

The price of silver fell on Wednesday to 39*½*d. per oz. Evidently uneasiness is increasing in the United States. Last week the New York Associated Banks made difficulties about paying out gold, and it looked at one time as if a crisis might occur. Apprehension, however, has been abated by the announcement of the Treasury that it will continue exchanging all kinds of currency for gold. But the position, nevertheless, is very critical, and the market consequently is very weak.

Upon the Stock Exchange business is as slack as ever. There was some recovery on Wednesday in Spanish securities, on a mistaken notion that the adjournment of the Cortes was favourable to the finances of the country; in reality, it prepares the more careful observers for serious difficulties. Some time ago the Government introduced a Bill authorizing it to raise a new loan; but it was found impossible to push forward the measure, as a deadlock occurred owing to a fight over a protectionist measure. The authority for raising a new loan has, therefore, not been given, and it is difficult to see how the Government can find the necessary funds. Hitherto it has paid its way by incessant borrowing from the Bank of Spain, but the credit of the Bank of Spain has thereby been seriously imperilled. Gold is now at a premium of about 16 per cent. More serious, however, is the condition of Russia, where cholera is spreading, and the crop prospects are unfavourable. Still, the market for Russian securities is wonderfully strong; and, indeed, this week a rise has occurred. Evidently the great financial houses in Paris and Berlin are doing their utmost to support quotations, and as long as money continues abundant and cheap they may be able to succeed. But an untoward accident might bring about a considerable fall. Here at home the approaching change of Government is checking all kinds of business, and there is danger that we may have a great strike in the cotton trade. Employers say that they cannot afford to go on paying the present wages, and it is reported that they will demand a reduction of 10 per cent. The workpeople threaten a strike if this is proposed. If a great strike occurs, following so soon after the Durham strike, there will be another shrinkage of business, and consequently the market view respecting Home Railway stocks is not favourable. It is hardly likely, however, that there will be much fall in Home Railway stocks. Speculators may sell, but investors will hardly do so. If they were to sell, they could not find other securities equally safe yielding them as good a return upon their money; therefore, whatever speculators may do, the effect will be only temporary, and there will before long be a recovery. Investors should bear in mind that the influence of strikes is temporary. Business, of course, falls off for the time being, but when the strike comes to an end traffics will increase. The further dividend declarations are unfavourable except the District Company's distribution on the Preference. The London and South-Western divides $4\frac{1}{4}$ against the same rate, the Chatham 3*l.* 8*s.* on the Preference against 3*l.* 10*s.*, and the North-Eastern 3 against 6, all rates per cent. per annum. In the United States apprehension respecting silver and the Presidential elections are both exercising a very depressing effect upon the stock markets. It is true that trade appears to be improving. All through the year hitherto it has been very depressed, but there are signs now of recovery. Probably if the new harvest is good trade will increase, unless there should be a currency crisis, and it is not easy to see now how a currency crisis can be avoided.

The weather of the past fortnight has been unfavourable to the crops, and the expectation now is that the harvest will be decidedly under average. Still, the market is wonderfully easy and prices are exceptionally low.

At a meeting of creditors of the New Oriental Bank Corporation on Wednesday, Mr. Welton, the Liquidator, stated that the claims of creditors would probably amount to about $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, and that the assets are valued at present at about 4,800,000*l.* A million and a half are really good banking assets, and can be realized within six months; another million and a half would take a longer time to realize, and probably would prove good; the remaining 1,800,000*l.* would take a long time to realize, and at present it is impossible to say how much they would

yield. At the outside he could not hope that the bank would be able to pay more than 15s. in the pound.

First-class investment securities have risen during the week. Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at $96\frac{1}{8}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{8}$; India Sterling Threes closed at $97\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{8}$; Cape of Good Hope Three and a Half per Cents closed at 98, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; Victoria Three and a Half closed at $92\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{8}$; Queensland Three and a Half closed at $92\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; and New Zealand Three and a Half closed at $94\frac{3}{4}$, also a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$. On the other hand, Home Railway stocks have generally given way. South-Eastern closed on Thursday afternoon at 110, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 5; Great Western closed at $85\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{2}$; Great Western closed at $164\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Midland closed at $154\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of 2. In the American market, investment stocks have decidedly advanced. Illinois shares closed on Thursday at $105\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Lake Shore closed at $136\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{3}{4}$; and New York Central closed at $114\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$. In the Argentine railway market some are up and some are down. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference closed on Thursday evening at 26-9, a fall of 1, but Buenos Ayres and Rosario closed at 65-7, a rise of 2, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 123-5, a rise of 5. Argentine Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 66, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$, and the Funding Loan closed at 59, a rise of 2. Brazilian Four and a Half closed at $63\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 2; Egyptian Unified closed at 97, a rise of $1\frac{1}{4}$; German Three per Cents closed at $87\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; Greek of 1884 closed at $71\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 2; and Russian Fours closed at $95\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 1; but Spanish Fours closed at $61\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$ —at one time during the week the quotation was as low as $60\frac{1}{4}$.

SCULPTURE IN 1892.

BY common consent, the sculpture at the Royal Academy this year is creditably performed and attractively arranged. No very striking new talent is revealed, but the recognized artists in this kind, almost without exception, are favourably represented. The opinion which we expressed, at the opening of the show, regarding the importance of Mr. Onslow Ford's "Shelley" (2002) has not undergone any alteration upon further examination. In "The Children of the Wolf" (1997), the shepherd carrying Romulus and Remus, Mr. Frampton presents to us a fine group of heroic size. As usual with this artist, the legs are too long and massive; but there is careful study in the modelling throughout, and the composition, with its rich light and shadow above and simplicity below, is admirable. Mr. Albert Toft's large statue, called "Fate-Led" (2007), is a marble which would demand fuller praise if its execution were carried further. A small statue of "Harmony" (1854), a girl with a great violoncello between her knees, by Mr. Alfred Drury, is vivacious, but marred by a certain extravagance of action. Less carefully modelled, but more sober, is the "Favourites" (1859) of Mr. H. C. Fehr. It is interesting to compare two groups in which young artists have treated the same subject, "Jacob wrestling with the Angel." Mr. Montford's (1852) shows the greater knowledge, and is the more academic, while Mr. C. J. Allen's (1878) is the more imaginative in treatment. Both deserve commendation, but Mr. Montford suffers from the peculiarly nasty patina of his bronze.

Statuettes are unusually rare this year, but we find two which are of superlative merit. Mr. Alfred Gilbert's "Sic Vita" (2004) represents a boy of about fourteen, playing with a huge comic mask, but turning suddenly, with a grimace of agony, because a bee is stinging his leg. There is no more masterly piece of work in the art of the year than this learned and yet simple study of a youthful figure. Another small work of originality and beauty is Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's bronze of "Edward I." (1996), which holds the place of honour at the entrance to the Lecture Room. The modelling of the regal armed figure is extremely fine.

In imaginative relief we are naturally first attracted by the work of the new Associate. In the large and ambitious "Endymion and Selene" (1907) of Mr. H. Bates we find a poetical conception, broad and simple planes, and dignity of treatment. But the latest A.R.A. cannot escape the charge of having taken insufficient pains. His forms are

meagre, and his detail too often unintelligible. We find more to praise in the "Hero and Leander" (1968) of a much less distinguished man, Mr. David McGill, who has produced in this bronze rondo a tender and beautiful piece of highly-finished relief. A delicate marble in basso-relievo is Mr. John Taylorson's "Christmas-Morn" (1902), with excellently-studied child forms. It is distressing not to be able to commend the contributions of a sculptor who has done work of such merit as Mr. Henry Pegram, and we admit that we ought to see the reliefs for the entrance of the Imperial Institute (1960, 1971) in the place for which they were made, but we have to confess that we are greatly disappointed with these models; they seem clumsy, and they certainly lack melody of line. If we mention the pretentious "Dream" (1966) of Mr. W. O. Partridge, it is only to utter a word of warning against the affectation of which this facile production is the sign-manual.

In iconic sculpture of the larger class not much is presented to us at the Royal Academy. We are glad, however, to see a cast of Mr. Thornycroft's successful portrait of "John Bright" (1868), now at Rochdale. Mr. Brock's marble statue of "Edward Thring" (1967), seated, for Uppingham School Chapel, has great merit. The head is a little hard, and the feet needlessly ugly, but the disposition of the drapery is good. Mr. George Lawson exhibits a small bronze replica of his excellent "Burns" (1998), the original of which is now in the town of Ayr.

Among the busts this year, two assert an absolute pre-eminence. Nothing better in portraiture has been seen in our day than Mr. Gilbert's busts of "Sir George Birdwood" (1964) and of the late "Baron Huddleston" (1970). The latter, indeed, must be confessed to be the last word of the modern school of picturesque sculpture. To go an inch further would be to fall into extravagance, but we can trust so consummate an artist as Mr. Gilbert to know when and where to pause. These strange busts are, we think, not at present executed, but we presume that the artist intends to carry them out, as he has indicated, in pale terra cotta, with liberal use of gilding and silvering. It would almost be impertinent to praise the marvellous skill with which the details are modelled; the fingers, for instance, with which Sir G. Birdwood lifts his golden Buddha, the eyelids which the Judge lets droop. Whatever individual opinion may decide, there can be no question that these are two of the most characteristic and curious portraits done in our time. Next, after these two heads, comes, we have no hesitation in saying, the "Old Woman" (1896) of Mr. Goscombe John, with the modelling of which it would be exceedingly difficult to find any reasonable fault. This is work not quite so brilliant as Mr. Gilbert's, but not a whit less accomplished. No fourth bust is so admirable as these; but the visitor should not fail to look at Mr. Pinker's "Dr. Jowett" (1900), Miss Alyce Thornycroft's head of "My Mother" (1899), Mr. Brock's "John Marshall" (1905), an excellent likeness, or Mr. Pomeroy's solid and well-drawn "Miss Broke" (1923) and "Mr. Reginald Blomfield" (1957). No child's head in the exhibition is better modelled or with a truer vivacity than the "Master Sassoon" (1918) of Miss Thornycroft. It is a singular fact that it is not by any means the most eminent imaginative artists who always excel with their portrait busts. This year Mr. Onslow Ford's "Mr. Arthur Balfour" (1974) is unfortunate, and Mr. Bates's "Mr. G. Warner" (1961) deplorable.

Of purely decorative sculpture we find some very fine specimens in the Royal Academy. Mr. Onslow Ford's "Gordon Memorial Shield" (1980), with its winged figure of St. George in the centre, is beautiful in composition and carefully carried out. The "Chair of Office of the Corporation of Preston" (1999) displays in its best form Mr. Gilbert's skill in treating bent metal decoratively, with successive bosses and edges, illuminated throughout with positive as well as with suggested colour. Among miscellaneous works we must mention Mr. Adrian Jones's spirited colossal group of "Duncan's Horses" rearing (1880); the "Indian Rhinoceros" (1947) of Mr. R. Stark; Mr. David McGill's "Greyhound" (1982); the "Wounded Tiger" (1856) of Mr. Christie; and the "Panther" (1992) and "Lioness" (1994) of Mr. Swan, all showing the remarkable revival of animal sculpture amongst us. A word must be spared for the amateurish but very spirited race-reliefs, sketched in wax, by Mr. Gilbert W. Bayes.

RECENT MUSIC.

WHEN Nessler's *Trompeter von Säkkingen* first saw the light at Leipzig in 1884, it is said that Rubinstein, indignant at the success of a work so full of trivialities, asked Pollini, the manager of the Hamburg Stadt Theatre, whether he would produce the work. "Für mich nicht" was the curt reply; but, in spite of himself, Herr Pollini was forced to give way to public opinion, and the *Trompeter* is now one of the most popular works in the Hamburg repertory. An opera which has forced its way to popularity in spite of the opposition of musicians certainly deserved a hearing in England, and Sir Augustus Harris was fully justified in giving it a trial at Drury Lane on the 8th inst. The result was not such as to make it likely that the verdict of English amateurs as to Nessler's merits which was expressed when his *Rattenfänger* was produced at Covent Garden some years ago will be reversed. His music appeals to a class of musicians that does not exist in England, a class whose musical ideal is satisfied by the Liedertafel chorus, with unlimited beer and plenty of cheap sentiment. To amateurs with these tastes the *Trompeter von Säkkingen* must be a perfect garden of delights, and when it is remembered that Scheffel's lyrics, which form the backbone of the libretto, have been household words in the mouth of every engaged couple in Germany for the last half-century, the success which the work has achieved is not as inexplicable as at first appears. In America the *Trompeter* has been received favourably, owing mainly to the enthusiasm of the German colonists; but in Brussels it met with the failure which, on its musical merits, it deserves. In England it may possibly become popular with the sort of audience which still flocks to *Maritana* and the *Bohemian Girl*; the work is undoubtedly bright and tuneful, and would not be a bad addition to the country repertory of the Carl Rosa Company, but it is quite unsuited to a season devoted to grand opera. The performance was, on the whole, excellent. The Werner of Herr Reichmann is one of his best impersonations, and, though he was obviously indisposed, he acquitted himself well. Herr Wiegand's Baron and Fräulein Bettaque's Maria were also very good; and that fine artist, Frau Heink, gave importance to the small and conventional part of the Gräfin. The mounting was adequate, though some of the supers in the Procession of Pilgrims were rather comically dressed. The ballet d'action relating the concoction of *Maitrank*—a subject which must have been incomprehensible to most of the audience—was not as well arranged as it is at the Dresden opera-house.

It is a far cry from Nessler's opera to Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, the last part of the Nibelungen Trilogy, which was performed at Covent Garden on the 13th and repeated at Drury Lane on the 18th. The work is of such colossal length that on both occasions the impressive opening scene, in which the Norns sing the impending doom of Walhalla, had to be omitted, besides which other important cuts were made, especially in the part of Guttrune. On the other hand, the fine scene between Waltraute and Brünnhilde, which is sometimes suppressed, was given almost in its entirety, and afforded an opportunity for a splendid display of declamation on the part of Frau Heink. To her and to Frau Klafsky, the Brünnhilde, the chief honours of the evening belonged. In spite of a somewhat weak voice, Frau Klafsky gave what is probably the finest dramatic performance of the part of Brünnhilde which has been seen since Frau Materna was at her best. Her features are singularly impressive, and her gestures are always admirably effective without being in the least stagey. These fine qualities, combined with an attractive presence, greatly atone for the defects of her voice, which is not of that heroic quality generally expected of a Wagnerian soprano. She also understands the art of husbanding her resources, so that, though she was overpowered in the scene with Gunther and Hagen, in which Siegfried's death is plotted, the final act was given with a degree of force which was really surprising. The Siegfried of Herr Alvary was best in the long narration which precedes his murder by Hagen; his struggle with Brünnhilde for the ring wanted the muscular strength given to it by such singers as Vogl, and the beautiful duet in the opening scene was passionless and rather tame. As Hagen, Herr Wiegand was not as good as in his old part of Gunther; his besetting sin of singing out of tune has increased with age. The Gunther of Herr Knapp and the Guttrune of Fräulein Bettaque were not

very remarkable, but the charming music of the Rhine maidens was excellently sung. The stage-management of the last act was the worst we have witnessed, and perilously approached the ridiculous. At Drury Lane no attempt was made to carry out the difficult effect of Brünnhilde's leap into the funeral pyre, but the horse was led off on one side of the stage, while Brünnhilde went out on the other. The rising of the Rhine, which is supposed to extinguish the flames, was also left to the imagination of the audience. In spite of these defects, the performance was thoroughly enjoyable, and an opportunity of hearing the work once more was very welcome. To any one who takes the trouble to follow the words with a moderate amount of attention, it must always be, in spite of its length, one of the most thrilling and engrossing tragedies ever put upon the stage. The orchestra, though occasionally rather coarse, was on the whole excellent.

German opera displaced the regular entertainment on Saturday night at Covent Garden, when *Tannhäuser* was given in the original language with great success. The house was full to overflowing in all the upper parts, and presented a marked contrast to the state of Drury Lane, where *L'Amico Fritz* attracted a very moderate audience. The *Tannhäuser* of Herr Alvary would have ranked very high among the parts in which he has been seen this year if his performance of the opening scene with Venus had been a little more convincing. His acting in the second act was extremely fine, and his singing both there and in the third act was quite up to his usual level. Frau Klafsky, as Elizabeth, was admirable from a dramatic point of view; and, if her singing did not give unqualified satisfaction, it was because it is impossible to forget Mme. Albani in a part which she has so completely made her own. Fräulein Bettaque sang the music of Venus with much more vigour than charm, and Frau Heink was as successful as usual in the Shepherd's song. Herr Reichmann made a fine Wolfram, and his singing of the music was in all respects excellent. Why the short episode in which Wolfram takes part should be left out of the love-duet of the second act is not easy to guess, more especially as the work was given almost without a cut. The end of the beautiful finale of the second act was curtailed, but not as badly as in the Italian performances. The omission of the chorus of younger Pilgrims, returning from Rome with the news of the miracle which shows that Tannhäuser is forgiven, is, of course, thoroughly inartistic, since it robs the opera of its logical close. As the Landgraf Herr Wiegand displayed most of the faults of a heavy bass in unusual perfection. The minstrels were very good in the ensembles of the first and second acts, though their praises of love were even less effective than usual. After the well-arranged opening of the Venusberg scene, strange things happened to the scenery, and, among other novelties, a tableau was revealed, representing Leda in the company of a remarkably staid swan. This seems to have been borrowed from the later version of the scene, as given at Bayreuth last year; the older form of the music was, as need hardly be said, retained at Covent Garden. A good many vagaries in the first act could, however, be pardoned for the sake of the wholly successful manner in which the apparition of Venus was managed in the third. There was no clumsy change of scenery, and the stage directions were far more faithfully carried out than on any former occasion in England. The performance of the Overture, under Herr Mahler, was rather tame, but that of the opera very good in nearly every respect.

Among the remaining operatic performances of the past three weeks, the only one which calls for notice is that of Verdi's *Aida*, in which Miss Macintyre showed very gratifying improvement as an actress in the title-rôle. Her beautiful voice was as telling as ever; but she still has something to learn as a singer, especially in her rendering of *cantabile* passages, which are too apt to be rough and badly phrased. The Amonasro of M. Maurel was very picturesque, and the King of M. Plançon and Rampis of M. Edouard de Reszke could not have been better, while Mlle. Giulia Ravogli's Amneris was extremely dramatic and well conceived.

The final concerts of an exceptionally active season must be dismissed with a few words. At the last Richter Concert Mme. Nordica surprised even her most devoted admirers by her admirable singing of the last scene of the *Götterdämmerung*; it was not only declaimed, but also sung, and the impression it created was accordingly very great. The concert given in aid of the Goring Thomas Memorial was

one which will long linger in the memory of those who were so fortunate as to be present. No higher praise can be bestowed upon all who took part in it than to say that it was in every respect worthy of the occasion and of the beloved composer in whose honour it was given. Concerts—several of which, if space allowed, would deserve more than a passing mention—have been given by M. Reisenauer (an able pianist), Mrs. Amélie Hubert, Miss Kuhe and Miss Beverley Robinson, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and his clever pupils, Mr. E. Zeldenrust, Sir Charles Hallé (who brought his interesting Schubert Recitals to a worthy conclusion), Fräulein C. Friedländer, Mr. Peiniger and his pupils, Miss Rensmann and Mr. L'Amy, the pupils of the Royal College of Music, Mr. Percy Pinkerton, the Sisters Röder, and in aid of the Mauritius Relief Fund.

THE WEATHER.

WE have had a week of very unseasonable weather, winding up with a storm which might have been fairly expected in either March or October, but which certainly was quite out of place in the third week of July. In our memory we have only had two similar storms; that of July 16, 17, 1867 (the Sultan's Naval Review), and that of July 20, 1879. We spoke last week of occasional readings of the thermometer which were above 70°; but during the interval we have now to chronicle this degree of temperature has only occurred once in these islands, at London on Saturday last! For most of the days the temperature at 3 A.M. over these islands, and the whole north and centre of Europe, has not even reached 60°. On Thursday, July 14, the depression which had just passed over us lay over northern Germany, and for that day at least our weather was dry, if cool. A fresh system of depression came up to the south coast of Ireland during the night, and the amount of rain measured at Cork on Saturday exceeded an inch. At Liverpool and Holyhead the fall was heavy also. Saturday was fine in southern England; but Sunday was most disagreeable. The system of which we have just spoken had moved south-eastwards, and had broken up, so that the map for Sunday morning showed a trough of low pressure covering the whole of Europe, between the parallels of 45° and 50°, and as far east as to Poland, with three distinct areas of readings below 29·7 in. within it. The result for the whole south of England was a damp easterly wind—at all times a most unpleasant experience. The amount of the rain, which fell generally, was not very great; but the cold wind brought down the maximum thermometer below 60° at almost all stations except those in the extreme south-west. The subsequent days have, however, been even worse than Sunday. The barometer rose in the south-west of Ireland during Monday, and on Tuesday morning a deep depression showed itself over the extreme north-west of Scotland. This moved rapidly south-eastwards during the day, and by Wednesday morning its centre lay near Brussels; while northerly gales had blown at exposed places on our coasts, and had caused loss of life at Liverpool. The actual amount of rain was not as much as might have been anticipated from such a storm. It fell most heavily at Aberdeen and Oxford, about three-quarters of an inch being collected at each place. The chilly weather which we have had has not reached the Mediterranean; for from the southern French stations we have reports of readings above 80°, and even of 91° at Perpignan, on Saturday last.

During the week ending July 16 the rain was unevenly distributed. Scotland received little or none. In fact, none at all was reported from the west of Scotland. In the south-west of England, however, a good deal fell, and it was much wanted. The sunshine record for the week was miserably poor. Jersey and Guernsey headed the list with 55 and 54 per cent. respectively of possible duration. The Thames valley came off worst, none of the four stations in it reaching 11 per cent., and Oxford bringing up the rear with 9·6 per cent.

RACING.

THE Sandown Meeting, at the end of last week, will long be remembered by those who were present, on account of the extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm at the victory of Orme in the Eclipse Stakes. Such a scene has

probably never before been witnessed on a racecourse. Orme has been a most popular horse, and when he went amiss, whether from poison or natural causes, universal sorrow was expressed in racing circles; he could not start in the Two Thousand Guineas or the Derby, and was so seriously ill that at one time his life was despaired of. However, thanks to his splendid constitution, his trainer was able to bring him to the post for the Eclipse Stakes in marvellous condition under the circumstances, and no horse could have run a gamer race, as he gradually wore down Orvieto and won by a neck. The Duke of Westminster must have been highly gratified by the spontaneous outbursts of ringing cheers from winners and losers alike that greeted Orme's victory. He could not be nearly as fit as he can be made, so it looks as if the St. Leger is at his mercy. The Eclipse Stakes was of course the most exciting contest at Sandown, but there was another race that was of more than passing interest. We allude to the Sandringham Gold Cup, in which Mr. "Jersey's" Milford met with his first defeat at the hands of General Owen Williams's smart St. Simon colt Perigord. It is very satisfactory to find such a thoroughly staunch supporter of racing, with two colts, Hautbrion and Perigord, both of his own breeding, of so much promise, and we sincerely hope their spirited owner may be credited with many good wins in the future. Sandown was truly a great meeting.

Monday's racing is certainly not popular either with trainers or professional racing men, so we were not surprised to find a comparatively sparse attendance at Leicester. The most interesting race was the Midland Derby, for which Certosa, who had run fairly in the Eclipse Stakes, was favourite; but Mr. Houldsworth's Dunure gave him 9 lbs., and won cleverly by three-quarters of a length. Mr. J. Lowther's moderate, though consistent, Heremon won the Thurgarton Plate, and Mr. H. Milner's well-bred Medora, by Bend Or out of Agneta, St. Angelo's dam, won the Bradford Stakes easily by a length from the Kempton winner, Moonflower.

On Tuesday we had a very wet day, and consequently a scanty attendance. Leicester certainly has been most unfortunate in having bad weather. Almost every meeting is more or less marred by rain or snow. The Zetland Plate was won by Prank by a head only from Simena. The winner swerved almost across the course, or would have won much more easily.

On Wednesday the most notable feature was the victory of Bushey Park in the Prince of Wales's Plate. This colt, the property of Mr. Houldsworth, was spoken of last week as a most promising animal, likely to turn out a real high-class racehorse, but up to this time his efforts have been most disappointing.

Next week we have Goodwood, where the acceptances for the Stakes are fairly good, though the class of horses engaged is not very grand. On this long and tiring course perhaps Billow, who ran like a real stayer at Ascot, may make a bold bid. Bithynian ran fairly well in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and as he will be in inferior company here, and his weight is so lenient, he may run well. The Stewards' Cup has the huge entry of ninety, and already a long list of quotations are in the papers, but probably very few genuine commissions are yet out. Amongst the higher weights we should select St. Angelo, as we think that he is a horse with terrific speed. Of the middle-weights, Unicorn cannot complain of 7 st. 12 lbs., as he won this race last year very easily indeed, after getting badly off. It is true that he meets Cuttlestone and others on very much worse terms on this occasion; but still we cannot help fancying him. Pensioner is well in, if his Hunt Cup trial was correct. These three were our fancies upon looking over the weights, but we are not sanguine of finding the winner by taking three out of ninety. The Gratwicke Stakes of 100 sovs. each, with ten subscribers, reads like a good thing for whichever Mr. Milner may start, Certosa or Broad Corrie; and the Duke of Portland may capture the Ham Stakes with Raeburn. The Richmond Stakes should bring out a good field of two-year-olds, rumour being busy with the names of several dark ones; but none of the great cracks, except Milford, happen to be entered. This colt has, we should say, had enough of it for the present, though we should hardly know what to select as his conqueror if he ran. The Sussex Stakes of the second day contains the name of the popular Orme, who escapes with a 5 lbs. penalty. Whether it is intended to start him we know not, but he

will win if he runs. In his absence Mortgage might credit Mr. Houldsworth with the stake. Curio has a 12 lbs. penalty, for winning the Newmarket Stakes, and we fancy this will give him a harder task than he can perform. The Lavant Stakes will be most interesting if Meddler, Buckingham, Perigord, or Isinglass were to meet. No doubt Meddler would be the favourite, but the chosen of Captain Machell's stable should trouble him. Personally we were much in love with Isinglass at Ascot, and shall not desert him, but in any case we shall anticipate the success of the trusted one of the Captain's stable. The Rous Memorial is another good two-year-old stake, wherein Bill of Portland has a chance to recover his somewhat tarnished character, Medora and Hautbrion seeming his most dangerous opponents. The Gordon Stakes should give us a really sporting race, as it is said that Buccaneer is to be kept for it, instead of running in the Cup, and he may be opposed by Orvieto, Nunthorpe, Huntingdon, and perhaps others. At this distance—Craven Course, one mile and a quarter—we should fancy Orvieto. Orme is in the entry, but we cannot think he will be started for this race. The Prince of Wales's Stakes of 200 sovs. each, each subscriber to name two foals and bring one to the post, for two-year-olds, has twenty subscribers; 400l. goes to the second, and the third saves his stakes, so that the race is worth 3,200l. to the winner. Perhaps Bill of Portland may be kept for this event, as his chance looks to be very great; the easy course will probably suit him better than the ups and downs of Stockbridge, and we think he will win. The Duke of Westminster's Joyful is entered, and he had a very tall reputation at one time, but we are not aware if he still retains it. The Nassau Stakes for three-year-old fillies on the last day will not, we believe, see La Flèche at the post, and in her probable absence it is not so easy to make a selection. If Gantlet retains, to any extent, her two-year-old form, we think that she would beat the remainder, for they are a moderate lot, Broad Corrie and Arise seeming to be the best. If Hautbrion is reserved for the Molecomb Stakes he should win. We can never believe that his Ascot running was correct. The Findon Stakes, also for two-year-olds, gives Best Man and Moonflower the chance of fighting their Kempton battle over again, and we should stand Best Man, disappointingly as he has run. Goodwood certainly gives promise of excellent racing, especially amongst the two-year-olds. The Cup is not likely to be productive of a very exciting contest, especially if Lord Rosslyn does not start Buccaneer; but Martagon seems to be a fair stayer, and we fancy his chance. Whether Mr. W. Cooper may run The Lover we know not, but now that Orme shows such a bold front in the Leger he may do so.

THE THEATRE IN POLAND.

LUBOWSKI, Sarnecki, and Zalewski form, so to say, the medium of production, both ends of which are represented by two equally remote and equally isolated writers; one of these is Joseph Blizinski, the other—writing under the pseudonym of Ladislav Okanski—is Alexander Switochowski. The first is, so to say, the affirmation of the theatre, the latter its negation. Switochowski appears at the very moment when the proceedings instituted against the "Idealist" generation were nearing a "Positivist" solution. He is one of the judges, and, strange to say, he accords as dramatic writer to interesting modern heroes that benefit of determined irresponsibility which he refuses to grant, as publicist, to their ancestors—to the "great guilty ones" of the past. The inconsistency is patent from a philosophical as well as from the theatrical point of view, the latter unable to do without the principle of responsibility; but in the fire of an ardent controversy nobody dreams of consistency, and the author of the *Irresponsibles* (*Niewinni*) is a polemist above all. He is one in the choice of his subjects, in his cutting style, in the designs of his characters, where every lineament must serve as proof to a thesis, and even in his conception of the stage, which he assimilates to a chair of Positivist philosophy. A paradoxical sociologue in *Father Macarius* (*Ojciec Makary*) and *The Beauty* (*Pizkna*), an artist in *Helvia*, *Aspasia*, *Pausenias*, Switochowski will never be a theatrical writer, and will never force his subjectiveness on the public, who wants on

the stage the truth or the poetry of life, both alike absent from his works.

The small middle class finds a faithful photographer in Michel Balucki, and descending further the social scale, we find the "People," whose heroes have traversed various phases in dramatic literature. But the popular drama seems like a big boy brought up in isolation, in an entire ignorance of life, and in a sort of innocence which changes its name with every change of ideal in society. Albert Boguslawski and Jean Kaminski introduce us to "people-hero" animated with a great spirit of patriotism; Korzeniowski imagines a romantic people modelled on the *être incompris* or *l'homme qui passe* of Victor Hugo; Jean Gregorowicz cultivates the idyl of a people à *l'eau de rose*, developing only qualities, and nothing but qualities, midst the conditions of a patriarchal existence. Ladislav Anczyk creates a melodramatic people, but breaking away from convention depicts rigorously country morals, not without reminiscences of *Sonnenwendhof*, and somewhat after the manner of Mosenthal. Finally, Jean Galasiewicz, the most modern of all and the best observer, sets to the ungrateful task of balancing the equilibrium of "grievances," "disinherited classes," "intellectuality," &c., and invents an opportunist people. In one word, this popular literature lacks nothing—except the genuine people, unrecognizable in the medium type of the literary peasant dragged to-day through the pages of novels and over theatrical boards. An outcome of tendency, conceived in the original sin of sentimentalism, and treated with proceedings misapplied elsewhere to the literary "working-man" of 1848, the Polish peasant of books and plays, instead of being a living type, plays the part of personified remorse of the national conscience. This gives him a radically false physiognomy, not only from an artistic, but also from a social, point of view; for the Polish national conscience is under no particular obligation to feel stung by remorses, which leave in peace the rest of European societies, despite the same memories of abuses of seigniorial power. The real culprit, if needs be to find one, is the civilization of a certain epoch, the sins of which can in no degree burden the conscience of one nation, at the pleasure of a tendency or a purpose. And so the peasant who has found his sociologue has to wait yet for his observer. In the meantime, we must be satisfied with the true poetry in Leonard Sowinski's beautiful drama *The Ukraine* (*Ukraina*), the capital scene of which, a dialogue between the lord and the boatman, resumes the tragic side of 1863; or such progress in observation as we see in *The Patrimony* (*Ojcowizna*), by Mme. Ulanowska and M. Szczepanski, who study the psychology of the peasant in his autonomic demesne, so to say, and independently of his relations with the lord, the priest, and the schoolmaster—i.e. outside the social question properly said. An intimate alliance between poetry and observation can alone create the genuine popular drama.

The theatrical crisis which seems to reign now everywhere finds its echo on the Polish stage. Yet as for dramatic production in Poland, we will call the present period one of transition, for fear of having to call it one of silence. There is no lack of workers, the vitality of the nation is as strong as ever, and a generation of young writers tries to break this silence now and then. But what between a *force majeure* which precludes all liberty in discussing the pros and cons of certain questions, and robs the authors of a quantity of subjects, types, and situations, and a defensible instinct of self-preservation, all literary production is so gagged that it has to take either to old grooves and antiquated formulas or to subside into silence.

REVIEWS.

COMPANION TO THE ILIAD.*

AMONG the many recent works on Homer and the Homeric age, Mr. Leaf's *Companion to the Iliad* holds a place of its own. It contains an Introduction, giving Mr. Leaf's general ideas on the subject, and the chief part of the volume is made up of a running commentary on passages of various interest. The references are made both to the Greek text and to page and line of the translation of the *Iliad*, by Mr. Leaf himself and two com-

* *Companion to the Iliad*. By Walter Leaf, Litt.D. London: Macmillan. 1892.

panions in the adventure. It may thus be used by Homeric students not very strong in Greek. We can scarcely hope that they are a large constituency, but perhaps, for their purposes, Mr. Leaf might have included the arguments of people whom he does not convince, and who signally fail to convince him. The ideas of Mr. Monro, for example, are certainly well worth notice, where they conflict with or mitigate the separatism of Mr. Leaf. For example, Mr. Leaf is quite determined that the remarks of Achilles in XVI. 72, 84, 86 are inconsistent with Book IX., and were composed before Book IX. Mr. Monro, in his edition of the Iliad, Vol. II., p. 310, gives reasons for differing from Grote and Mr. Leaf. In his introduction to Book IX., Mr. Monro also argues for the consistency, or against the supposed inconsistency so much dwelt on by Mr. Leaf. But he also notes five excessively faint and disputable traces of later style in Book IX., with other points possibly or conceivably indicative of lateness in date. Mr. Leaf (p. 171) mentions this part of Mr. Monro's work, but does not mention his belief in the naturalness of the conduct of Achilles. Compare Leaf, pp. 267-68, and Monro, II., 339-40, I., 338-40. Mr. Leaf merely admits, in general terms, that "much acute criticism" is against his view.

Most of Mr. Leaf's notions may be collected from his valuable edition of the Iliad. It is useful, however, to possess them in a more consecutive shape, and we shall endeavour to abridge them with as much clearness as possible.

In prehistoric, or pre-Greek-historic, times, Hellas was occupied by a pure Greek race of Achæans, under whom the mysterious Pelasgians lived in subjection. Mycenæ was the chief city, and as early as the twelfth century B.C. possessed a native art and skill in wall-building. The Achæans were swept away by Dorian invaders about 1000 B.C. The Iliad and Odyssey are, in origin and in the main, the work of Court-poets of the Achæans in Europe. After the Dorian invasion, they were carried by Achæan emigrants to Asia Minor. As the Asiatic Achæans (Æolians) declined in vigour, the Ionians—that is to say, the Pelasgians, Hellenized by association with Achæans—took up the poems "by right of genius," and "partly transformed them." In later ages the Ionians succeeded in claiming the original authorship of them. Old Achæan words were kept amidst Ionian novelties; hence came the epic dialect. The poems, especially the Iliad, as well as the dialect, have been altered, and expanded, and interpolated, and generally bedevilled, at various dates and by various people. How, and when, and why the poems were thus treated, in Mr. Leaf's opinion, we shall state presently. Meanwhile, it is to be observed that Mr. Leaf accepts the current theory of the Mycenaean discoveries—namely, that they are Achæan, pre-Dorian, of about 1200-1100 B.C. He also, rather to our surprise, acquiesces in the notion that Achæan invasions of 14-1200 B.C. are spoken of in Egyptian inscriptions. This idea, first started by M. De Rougé, developed by Lenormant, and confirmed by the adhesion of Mr. Flinders Petrie, may conceivably be correct. But it has been severely criticized by Brugsch, and by Mr. Cecil Torr, among others. We only know for certain that the "dwellers in the coasts and isles" of the sea did attack Egypt, and we have little doubt that early Greeks were in that maritime armament. Helbig, however, brings the invaders from Asia Minor, Brugsch from Colchis, of all places, and the identifications based on such equations as Aquaiusha = Achæans are more serviceable to romance than to sober argument. Thus, though we are inclined to believe with Mr. Leaf, we certainly have not all the courage of his opinions (cf. p. 15). Again, in a work intended for the more popular class of the half-learned, Mr. Leaf, we think, should at least have criticized Mr. A. S. Murray's theory that the treasures, pottery, and walls of Mycenæ are really rather later than Homer, are not Achæan, but post-Dorian, and are relics of the age of the Despots, of men like Phidon of Argos, in the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. We are not convinced by Mr. Murray's arguments, nor by Professor Ramsay's attribution of the Lions on the Gate to Phrygian influence in the Tyrannic age. Our hearts are with Mr. Leaf, in this matter at least, and it is probable that Mr. Murray's recent book came too late for his criticism. But still the archaeological opposition must be recognized, confused if possible, in no case overlooked.

We now approach Mr. Leaf's separatist theory of the composition of the Iliad. It was begun by an Achæan Court minstrel in Europe, who only sang the wrath of Achilles. He himself, or other poets more probably, added a general picture of the war, introducing Helen, the Trojan heroes in Ilios, the feats of great ancestral chiefs, as Diomedes and Odysseus and Idomeneus. In a third stratum yet later came "great individual poems," as the Embassy to Achilles (IX.), the Making of the Arms of Achilles (XVIII.), the Ransoming of the Body of Hector, the Catalogue of the Ships, while shorter episodes and connecting passages, such

as Book VIII., were introduced. In this stratum the character of Achilles was wholly spoiled into inconsistency by the episode of the Embassy in Book IX. Between the second and third strata comes the break caused by the Dorian invasion and the flight to Asia Minor:—"Probably the latest parts of the Iliad may coincide in time with the earliest growth of the great lyric school which blossomed with Sappho" in the eighth and seventh centuries. Thus the Iliad may have been from 1100 B.C. to, say, 700 in the making. Yet we, like Wolf, find no archaeological anachronisms, or very few indeed.

Before alluding to the alleged "inconsistencies" on which this theory of composite authorship, extending through four centuries, is mainly founded, let us see how Mr. Leaf supposes that the thing was done. He rejects writing "as a means of publication in the Homeric age." Certainly it was not a means of publication; but it may have been a means of retaining the poet's work for his own recitation, as in the case of medieval *trouvères*. Opinion is coming round, as in Bergk and Willamowitz Moellendorf, to this conclusion. If we can grant an original MS. on plates of lead, on skins, on Egyptian papyrus, or what not, the chances of interpolation and expansion are greatly diminished. Mr. Leaf does not dwell on this possibility, nor on the certainty almost that, if a poet, like a *trouvère*, made his livelihood by an epic in MS., he would have a very lively notion of literary property.

Here is Mr. Leaf's hypothesis, and here is our criticism. First, we have an Achæan poet in Greece—probably a Court poet—who composed the comparatively short epic of the Wrath of Achilles, now chiefly extant in Books I., XI., XVI., and XXII. This piece became very popular. Mr. Leaf believes that, "as the supply of original poets can never have been sufficient to provide one for each princely Court in Greece, it is clear that many, or most, must have been content to learn the songs which they recited." Now this is inconsistent with human nature, and especially with the nature of poets. You would not easily persuade an earnest clergyman that he was no orator, and, like Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain, had better read Jeremy Taylor's sermons to his congregation. The Sennachie of Cluny would not, without drawing dirk, listen to a request that he should recite, not his own poetry, but poetry by the Sennachie of Lochiel. Court minstrels in prehistoric Greece, if they resembled Court minstrels in Scotland or India, would be obliged to celebrate their own chiefs, and a Sennachie of the Pisistratids in Pylos would decline to recite another Sennachie's praises of Ithacan Odysseus, and Larissæan Achilles, to the exclusion of Nestor's early adventures. Professional, personal, and clanish pride are all against the hypothesis that a Court minstrel would sink into a mere drawing-room reciter of another man's lays. Bad or good, he would give his own. Mr. Leaf, however, believes that the incompetent minstrel would "resort to some sort of school, in order to acquire, and from time to time extend, his repertory" (p. 19). "This school would naturally attract the poets of original power"; that is, it would attract the very men who did not need it, and who would bitterly despise it. "Self-taught am I," says the bard of Odysseus (Odyssey, XXII. 347); the passage appears to indicate that all bards were not self-taught. Probably the position was hereditary, and the lays were handed from father to son, as in mediæval Europe. Mr. Leaf's school was "necessary" because there were not original poets enough; it therefore attracted original poets. "But it would be necessary that every original genius who attached himself to the school should sink his own personal claims in his poems." That would be a great attraction to an original poet! He would attend a school for the incompetent because he was competent; and he would give up, what is so dear to singers, his personal glory for the purpose of adding to a repertory which, as Theocritus advises, he could easily have provided for himself. Poets about 1100 B.C. must have been very unlike any other poets known to history. This easy young minstrel would find it "indifferent to him whether he composed fresh poems altogether, or only added fresh episodes to those already in existence." Like the Athenians in Thucydides, one envies Mr. Leaf's ignorance of the poetic character. Besides, Hesiod says that potter is jealous of potter and poet of poet. In Mr. Leaf's theory, then, the original "Wrath" was always receiving accretions from self-denying modesty which found acceptance for its work by sinking it in Homer's. The school, which encouraged endless change in what, if it resembled Hindoo and Maori schools of poetry, it was bound to keep intact, was yet "conservative." It would admit what Mr. Leaf regards as glaring inconsistencies, rather than excise a line or two of the original, which, however, it altered at pleasure (p. 270). What "almost reads like a deliberate attempt to belittle the hero" is readily admitted by the conservative "school," yet a few deletions, to save the whole consistency, as

Mr. Leaf argues, of the poem, are not ventured on. The "school" is a body existing "to maintain a fixed standard," which is done by introducing endless changes, and, even in Mr. Leaf's opinion, glaring absurdities. Mr. Leaf, on one side, believes in an uncounted number of original poets who treated the Iliad with strange freedom; and, on the other hand, thinks that the supply of original poets fell short of the demand. He believes in, or at least supposes, the existence of a school "to maintain a fixed standard," as in the Vedic and Karakia schools, and he also believes that alterations were admitted apparently for the purpose of "belittling" the hero of Homer. An hypothesis, especially if it has only "some faint trace" of historical evidence, should be less self-contradictory than Mr. Leaf's. However, granting that original poets, though so scarce, were so numerous, we ask whether they would have preserved, on the whole, unity of style, of the grand style; whether there could, after all, be so many great poets so much akin?

Mr. Gladstone thinks this unlikely; even two grand masters are one too many for Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Matthew Arnold was of the same opinion. But Mr. Leaf thinks that style is easily imitated, apparently many poets could catch "the grand style"; we only wish that they would. Again, Mr. Leaf argues that, in literary history, one genius means the co-existence of many geniuses, as Scott, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron. Yes; but such men do not often or successfully collaborate. Nor can the style of one be readily mistaken for that of another. No one could take a page of Racine or Quinault for a page of Molière, or a portion of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* for work of Keats's or Wordsworth's, though critics wrangle over Fletcher and Shakespeare. Great contemporaries stand from each other unmistakably aloof. Thus Mr. Leaf's theory of how the composition of the Iliad was done seems to us undemonstrated and wholly unconvincing. His arguments for the existence of inconsistency, as in Books IX. and XVI., we examined in reviewing his edition of the Iliad. Far from being inconsistent, these books, in our mind, are essential to each other, and to the epic.

For the rest, it is impossible to praise too highly the excellence of Mr. Leaf's notes on the *Realien* of Homer, life, arms, implements, chariots, myths, manners, and customs. They help to make Homer's world live again, especially if we accept his belief in the date of the treasures of Mycenæ. It is a most interesting and valuable work, full of patient and acute research. Our quarrel with Mr. Leaf, after all, is more literary than erudite. Every one has a right to his own interpretation of Homer; his own sense, if he has the sense, of Homer's magnificent unity, his indivisible supremacy.

NOVELS.*

MRS. PAUL KING places no imposing list of previous works on the title-page of her book, yet *Cousin Cinderella* is so clever that it hardly seems possible it should be a first attempt. The characters are original, and on the whole natural, even though they are far from being attractive, and as they prosecute, in their various ways, the object of their fondest hopes—i.e. the admission into London society—the author stands aside and mocks relentlessly. Neither the old and rich Mr. Peter Basset, nor the amazingly beautiful and stupid Naomi Dean, nor the plain and determined Beulah Marquand, nor the tactless and ambitious Mrs. Jerome, nor even her little daughter, Camma, with her aspirations towards clairvoyance, are conventional types, and the union of all these strange forces for the "Siege of London" is the subject of the book. Mr. Basset is a rolling stone who late in life has successfully rolled through two or three rich gold-mines, and is willing to dispense his wealth for the benefit of those who take his fancy. In the very Far West he comes across his distant cousin Naomi Dean, the youngest of a rough and vulgar family, all excellently hit off. To use his own expression, he "idolizes her beauty," gets an invitation for her to stay in Boston with another relation, Mrs. Jerome, and superintends her *début* in society. Unluckily, Naomi is as stupid and unimpressible as she is lovely, and, after her first ball, when she receives two or three offers from very young men, fails to make any strong impression, or, indeed, to receive any. On this point Mrs. King probably is mistaken. A girl with beauty such as Naomi's could not have fallen flat, however great her stupidity. And she was *only* stupid, not coarse

or vulgar, and her loveliness was of that kind which shakes the world. With such perfection to gaze on, men would not have demanded lively talk, nor even have inquired into her moral qualities, which were, however, quite unexceptionable as far as they went. After a short probation in Boston, Mr. Basset, whose heart is better than his grammar, resolves to take Naomi over to London, with Mrs. Jerome as her chaperon. Mrs. Jerome cannot be parted from her fourteen-year-old daughter, Camma, a nice little unobtrusive girl, with an unfortunate talent for recitation, and Naomi declines to move unless her friend Beulah Marquand goes with her. Up to this point the story is admirably told, but Mrs. King goes astray when she depicts the interviews that take place between Mr. Basset and the middle-aged Lady Hughes (his *planche de salut* as regards Naomi), whose acquaintance he had made on board a Pacific steamer. Not an aspersion is cast on the absolute respectability of Lady Hughes, past or present; yet she is described at the age of fifty as wishing to get up a flirtation with an uncultivated old man of seventy, who says "off of me," and as perpetually throwing her arms round him and kissing him. He is at first much confused by this conduct; but "when he found that his elderly innamorata contemplated no more deadly assault on his virtue than giving him a kiss or two when they were alone," he became hardened. This is silly as well as horribly vulgar. There is nothing either in Mr. Basset or in Lady Hughes to render such extraordinary behaviour probable, and if Lady Hughes had been of an amorous disposition she would certainly have chosen some younger man to flirt with. Lady Hughes, indeed, is the weak point of the book. Mrs. King is apparently not sure of her ground, and tries to make up for knowledge by imagination. Hence the picture is in most respects a failure, for the details which go to make it up are incorrect. To give one instance, Lady Hughes would never have submitted to have Mrs. Jerome, whom she had studiously ignored, substituted on the occasion of the Drawing Room for Beulah, who had impressed her, and whom she had offered to present. A good scene might have been made of her rejecting this arrangement, and outraging Mrs. Jerome's feelings still further. Mrs. King might have scored a point here, and it is a pity that she did not "see her chance and take it." It would be unfair to tell the story, which is as full of surprises as *My Official Wife*, although, after the manner of Hawthorne, some of it is purposely veiled in mystery. When she chooses, no one can narrate more sharply and clearly than Mrs. King; but she does not always choose. In spite of some vulgarity of style, as when she perpetually talks of "photos" instead of "photographs," remarks that they "were a well-bred lot in the room," and frequently uses "gaucheness" when she had better say either "gaucherie" or "awkwardness," Mrs. King is a distinct gain to the ranks of the novelists. She is incisive and original, she does not ride a subject to death, she can laugh at herself and her characters, and, above all, she lets them develop themselves, and never attempts to dissect them for the benefit of her readers.

In all essentials *Ingelheim* is the exact opposite of *Cousin Cinderella*. It is more refined, but then it is also much tamer. It is also, unluckily, about twice as long. *Ingelheim* should have been called *The Adventures of a Foundling*, and it is to be feared that its perusal will make many young ladies regret that they cannot begin life over again on the door-step of a country parsonage. Surely no girl who was not a beauty ever got on so well as Dolores Traherne, though she was, as we are told with wearisome reiteration, very shy and simple and silent. At fifteen she takes part in a village concert with her adopted sisters, the parson's daughters, and a great German professor is so impressed with her voice that he persuades her godmother to let him place the girl with the first teacher in Europe to have it cultivated. This is the reason why Dolores is sent to Ingelheim, where she spends over a year. Everybody is fond of her, and, more than that, a smart and charming young officer proposes to her a few weeks after she has rejected the affections of her adopted brother. This is not bad for a quiet girl of sixteen who only looks pretty now and then. She is *still* sixteen (as far as can be gathered, but the author is often a little hazy as to her dates) when a rich English-born, Spanish-wedded Countess claims her as her long-lost daughter, and though the real daughter soon appears on the scene, Dolores loses nothing, but rather gains a sister. The writer hardly manages to convey to the reader the cause of Dolores' amazing success. She is unselfish, and straightforward, and loyal; but these qualities, though they gain and keep us friends in the daily round of life, do not attract the notice of busy people. And Dolores must have been likewise extraordinarily stupid. In vol. i. p. 52, when her life at Ingelheim is first being described, the reader is expressly told that "her general education was not neglected. French and German were easy to acquire under present circumstances (living

* *Cousin Cinderella*. By Mrs. Paul King. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1892.

Ingelheim. By the Author of "Miss Molly." 3 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1892.

More Kin than Kind. By B. Loftus Tottenham. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

A Precious Jewel. By Dora Murray. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

in a family of French-origin where German was always spoken), and her future career demanded a knowledge of Italian. So, with all this work and the preparation it demanded, there was not much time except for fresh air." Yet later, when Captain Shore has proposed to her, it is a question of her going for six months to a Parisian school "to learn dancing and French" (vol. ii. p. 219), and after more than a year of life passed solely with Germans and in the midst of a German family, "Dolores' German, though not very good, was more fluent and intelligible than it used to be" (vol. ii. p. 266). But the author's real interest lies, not in Dolores, but in Virginia Shore, a young lady with an English father and a German mother (both dead), who was a sort of maid of honour to the lovely widowed Princess of Ingelheim. She never makes her appearance without her dress being minutely analysed, the expression of her face noted, and her words being marked down. In general her conversation consists of a kind of intellectual fencing with an old man who is invariably alluded to as "Excellency." Sometimes this talk is clever, but it is more often dull. It is the kind of conversation that in real life, after two or three sentences, people would break off, and laugh, and exclaim, "Dear me! we are talking just like a play." But Miss Virginia Shore airs her cheap wisdom with "the slight mocking smile" we grow so tired of hearing about, and without a suspicion of the triteness of her remarks. Here, for instance, are two passages taken at random, the first from vol. iii. p. 108:—

"Men"—Virginia is speaking—"are only men, they don't see all that there is to see."

"Fortunately—often for them," his Excellency replied.

"Wrong, Excellency," Virginia retorted; "one cannot see too much; where men are clumsy is in not knowing what to forget. 'Knowledge is power.'"

"And power, you consider, is always advantageous?"

"It depends on the use one makes of it."

"The temptation, Miss Shore, is to use it, even when unnecessary, for the sake of impressing the fact that we possess it; at least, that, I believe, is generally the case—with women."

The next passage is from vol. iii. p. 175:—

"Vanity," his Excellency observed, calmly, "is a warm garment, without which many of us would go cold."

"Oh, Excellency, who is severe now?"

"You correct me justly, Miss Shore; severity at a comedy is unpardonable."

"Incongruous, Excellency. It is as great a mistake to be incongruous as impetuous."

"Do tell me why. I see Prince Waldenberg coming this way, and I do not wish to miss any chance lesson in ease and comfort."

"Excellency, it is a pity you are going to leave us; no one can ever take your place."

"Don't tell me, please," he murmured, "that I am also a comedy which distracts your leisure moments."

"No, Excellency," she replied quickly, "you are the satire on the comedy."

How small our visiting-list would become if our friends habitually indulged in the mixture of platitudes, parables, and metaphors that formed the delight of Virginia Shore. Occasionally, after much toiling, she says a good thing; but in general the chaff is very vacant, and it is surprising that any one should have been "caught" by it. It is really a misfortune that the writer should have bestowed so much pains on what was so little worth it, and also that she should repeat herself so frequently. Dolores is scarcely ever mentioned in the book without a reference to her "simple" nature, she never sits down to write a letter without the reader being informed what a difficulty it always was to her to frame words and sentences, and Virginia's "slight mocking smile" and "cold eyes" are as little to be kept out of the pages as King Charles's head out of the memorial. Remarks as to the obedience which children give their elders, and which reacts on themselves, occur more than once—more than twice—and nobody ever has a forehead without "soft little curls" lying on it. The style is often bad, as the author has apparently but little ear for harmony; such sentences as "the ever-present loss of Emilie's kind presence" (vol. i. p. 93) occurring pretty frequently, while the preposition "of" seems dear to her heart, in a way to make the grammarian weep. "He had not let go of her hand," she says, in vol. i. p. 42, and again in p. 148, "he did not let go of the slight hand." The best thing in the book is the portrait of M. Desprez.

Eva Graham, the heroine of *More Kin than Kind*, is a pleasant and probable young lady, and her lover Ralph Denham is a pleasant and probable young man. There are too many presentiments in the book, and too many conventional incidents; but the writer seems young and fresh and may make a novelist some day when she has shaken off a tendency to melodrama which at

present besets her. She must likewise be careful not to indulge her taste for "word-painting," which is a constant rock ahead in these days. In vol. iii. no less than eight out of seventeen chapters begin with descriptions of scenery, and the proportion is too large.

A Precious Jewel is suggestive of the footlights, so elegant is the language the characters use, even the young men. "The kiss you saw me press on Muriel's brow," says one brother to another, p. 56, "was in token of an eternal farewell, and sealed a solemn promise made by me that I would never, in days to come, assert my claim to any possession that might be mine by right. That you should so far have misjudged us both I deeply regret." The gift of eloquence appears to have been a family characteristic, for the nephew of the orator above quoted remarks (p. 234) to his cousin, another Muriel, that he "may have no castle and broad lands" to lay at her feet. Even the author is not behindhand, and relates how, when the first Muriel is dying in a summer-house, and requests her niece to run to fetch her son, the second Muriel was "unable to deny her behests" (p. 132). The young lady only is unequal to a greatness "unto which she was not born," for she murmurs to her lover (p. 142) "Did I not tell you I was feared of him?" Elopements, fraternal hatred, lawsuits, attempts at murder, all have their turn, and those to whom such subjects (treated in an innocent and artless manner) are a joy may read *A Precious Jewel* with impunity. Others, who demand a real human interest, will enjoy it less.

PRISON SYSTEM OF ONTARIO.*

IN July, 1890, a Commission was appointed under the Great Seal of the Province of Ontario in Canada West, "to collect information regarding Prisons, Houses of Correction, Reformatories, and the like, with a view of ascertaining any practical improvements which may be made in the methods of dealing with the criminal classes in the province, so far as the subject is within the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislature and Government," and the Report now before us was made last April, and has been printed by order of the Legislative Assembly. The Commission consisted of five members, of whom one was appointed Chairman and another Secretary. The mode of proceeding adopted appears to have been most comprehensive and complete; one of the first decisions arrived at having been that "the investigation of the subject shall include the following particulars—(1) The causes of crime in the province." (2) "Any improved means which may be adopted in the province for providing and conducting Industrial Schools." (3) "Any improved means which may be adopted in the province for rescuing destitute children from a criminal career." (4) "Any improvement in the management of the County Gaols of the province and with respect to the classification of prisoners therein." (5) "The most fitting practical employment of prisoners in the province." (6) "The question of indeterminate sentences for offenders against provincial laws"; and (7) "Any improved way of dealing with tramps and habitual drunkards in the province." A notice was given through the press that the Commission would hold sessions in the cities of Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, and Ottawa, and all persons interested were invited to attend and state their views. It was also arranged that the Commissioners should proceed to the State of Massachusetts, and afterwards to the States of New York, Michigan, and Ohio, to visit the best and most successful of the penal reformatory institutions of those States; and ascertain as far as possible the special merits of their respective systems. It was further arranged that they should take the evidence of a number of eminent specialists who have devoted themselves to the study of prison life as a science, and obtain such information respecting the most advanced systems of the United States, and those which obtain in Great Britain and other countries of Europe, as would enable them to institute a proper comparison of all those systems and their results. They then prepared a series of systematic questions to be put to gaolers, sheriffs, gaol surgeons, and others. These questions were 96 in number, and seem to embrace any possible point in connexion with the subject, including numbers of prisoners, accommodation, classification of sexes, classification of crimes, the mode of dealing with lunatics and with imbeciles, the treatment of tramps, homeless persons, paupers and habitual drunkards, religious instruction and secular instruction to prisoners, occupation for male and female prisoners, opinions concerning inebriate asylums, the effects of imprisonment on young persons of both sexes, the chief causes of vice and crime, the advantages or disadvantages of prisons and penitentiaries being self-supporting, the system of indeterminate sentences, by

* *Prison and Reformatory System of Ontario*. Toronto: Warwick & Sons.

which is to be understood a delegation to local authorities of power to remit certain portions of a sentence for good conduct, the system of industrial schools and reformatories, and the general opinion as to the chief causes of children becoming depraved and criminal, whether from vicious surroundings, neglect at home, evil influences of any sort, or hereditary wickedness.

It will be seen that the Commissioners did not underrate the importance of their task, and indeed it is not too much to say that any one of these numerous subjects would alone have sufficed as a labour of years for any Commission however strong; but when we come to the details of the work done, we stand aghast at the energy and daring with which these gentlemen appear to have proceeded. They quote one judge—a high authority—who says that in dealing with the subject he resolves not to be limited to what the laws treat as crime, but to include as within the meaning of that term all wrongs committed against persons and property, public health, justice, decency, and morality, whether forbidden by a public law or not. This appears to afford a good field for their labours; but it does not nearly compass the scope of their intentions, and they quote another high authority who divides criminals into classes, characterizing them as “political criminals,” “criminals by passion,” “insane criminals,” “instinctive criminals,” and “occasional criminals.”

Under the head of “Instinctive Criminals” the whole question of heredity is discussed, and very interesting information is given; but it is somewhat difficult for the ordinary mind to follow some of the apparently wild theories which are advanced, especially when these differ widely. For instance, one high authority lays down that “there are some persons naturally more prone to crime, and more devoid of guiding and inhibiting instincts, than the generality of mankind,” while another enunciates the doctrine that “moral weakness and a propensity to evil are the inheritance of all men.” Again we read, “There are two factors in criminal heredity, namely, an element of innate disposition, and an element of contagion from social environment, and practically it is not always possible to disentangle these two factors. A bad home will usually mean something bad in the heredity of the strict sense, but frequently the one element alone, whether the heredity or the contagion, is not sufficient to determine the child in the direction of crime.”

No doubt these are rocks and shoals in the way of social reformers; but we must leave these to the students of so-called “criminal science,” and get into the open water of practical suggestions. We do not in any way undervalue the importance of the points referred to; on the contrary, we notice them prominently for the double reason that they are essential to a proper understanding of the subject and that the recital of them goes to show that the Commissioners have given them full consideration and have not in any way “scamped” their work. Moreover, we give great credit to the Commissioners for having so framed their questions as to allow an opportunity for the introduction of all the most advanced theories, from criminal heredity to “atavism or the liability to lapse into the condition of the unimproved animal which is sometimes found in the best-bred cattle.” These abstruse points appear to embrace all the phases of human life—not merely those connected with crime—and a careful study of them in the book itself will well repay a reader who is interested in the subject. Some of the replies are undoubtedly those of enthusiasts or persons with one idea, while others give evidence of thoughtful, logical, and practical study; but all are interesting in their several ways, even those, or we might almost venture to say, especially those, which come from “faddists” of the genuine kind—that is to say, eminent specialists, who do not object to be designated by that doubtful title.

Space does not permit a longer reference to these fascinating subjects, and we must proceed to a study of the results of the Commission brought forward in the form of recommendations, which may be summarized as follows. With regard to juvenile criminality an alteration of the school laws is proposed, so that children of a proper age shall attend school for a reasonable period in each year, and that the laws in this respect be rigorously but judiciously enforced, care being taken not to press too severely on families poverty-stricken or afflicted with illness. If a child under fourteen years of age is found guilty of an offence, commitment to a common gaol should under no circumstances be made, nor should the child be committed to a refuge or reformatory until all other means of correcting or reclaiming such child have been tried; the system of suspended sentence, under the surveillance of the police, should also be more used, unless the environments and general surroundings of the children are extremely bad.

After dealing with the vast subject of juvenile criminals the Commissioners proceed with recommendations for the reformation of women, chiefly by finding work for them, and

providing inebriates with reformatories—really prisons—as they allude in direct terms to the provision of means for the safe custody of such of the inmates as may attempt to escape therefrom; and they define as habitual drunkards all those who have been convicted of drunkenness three times within two years. They also propose to imprison such other persons addicted to the use of strong drink as in the opinion of the county judge may be reclaimed by timely restraint and judicious treatment, and recommend that some of these be permitted to return home on parole if they give satisfactory evidence of a sincere desire to live soberly, and of strength of mind sufficient to enable them to keep their good resolutions; but the Commissioners give no indication as to the mode which they would recommend for carrying on the work of the community when they have imprisoned the bulk of the population, as would undoubtedly happen under such laws in many of the outlying parts of America. They next deal with tramps and vagrants, making it compulsory on the authorities to provide in every common gaol a sufficient quantity of stone to be broken, and an official to see that every professional tramp or vagrant shall do a full day's labour, unless certified as physically unfit. For homeless and destitute men, women, and children they urgently recommend that, in order to abolish the inhuman system of committing such persons to common gaols, the establishment of a poor-house be made compulsory, and that, when a poor-house has been established, it shall be unlawful to commit to a common gaol, as a vagrant, any homeless and destitute person who seems to be physically incapable of working, unless such person has been guilty of some offence.

It will be a startling revelation to our readers, as we own it is to ourselves, to learn that in Canada it is the custom to commit homeless and destitute men, women, and children to a common gaol; but these are the *ipsissima verba* of the statement, and we must take them as we find them. We trust that we are mistaken; but the wording of the urgent recommendation for a change appears too precise to admit of misunderstanding. They recommend that no lunatic be sent to a common gaol unless in case of absolute necessity; that young criminals, who are first offenders, should be placed in an industrial reformatory to be established for this special class, and not subjected to the fatal results of associating with the most depraved and hardened criminals; that the sentences on all juvenile offenders be indeterminate, and that a public functionary be empowered to liberate them, unconditionally or conditionally, and on parole, as may seem best calculated to promote the welfare of the offenders and the interests of the State, and that all sentences should, as far as possible, be progressive or cumulative, the penalty for a second offence being greater than that imposed for the first, and always increasing in severity as the crimes or offences increase in number. They propose that a “good time system” be at once established to work with the indeterminate sentence system, so that prisoners could earn marks and thus obtain a remission of some portion of their sentence; that in all lock-ups and police stations structural provision be made for the complete isolation of the sexes, and means be provided for the separation of abandoned women from other female prisoners, not only in the buildings, but also in taking them to and from court, and in their subsequent transfer to the common gaol, and that wherever female prisoners are, whether in the lock-up or during their removal to court or transfer to gaol, a police matron shall be present and shall have entire charge of them. They also make proposals for the classification of prisoners, and in some cases for separate or cellular confinement, and with regard to prison labour they condemn the “contract system” under which contractors for the payment of an agreed sum per diem receive the full benefit of such labour, and are necessarily given an undue control over the prisoners, thereby seriously interfering with discipline, and they recommend instead the Provincial Account System, which is, that the province shall supply all the machinery, plant, and fixtures, and all the raw material, and use the labour of the prisoners for the best interests of the respective institutions.

In conclusion the Commissioners say that it is absolutely essential to the successful working of any system of management that competent, zealous men, capable of commanding the respect and gaining the sympathy of those entrusted to their care, should be employed in every branch of the service, and in this we cordially concur, but we venture on our own behalf to suggest that, if this last point is thoroughly attended to, there may be little or no necessity for many of the others.

CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS.*

THE saying of Wendell Phillips that "the answer to Confucianism is China" is true both negatively and affirmatively. No one will deny that Confucianism has done much for China. Viewed from the outside it provides a system of morality which falls little short of Christianity and Buddhism. If its maxims were closely obeyed its followers would fulfil to perfection the duties which belong to men as citizens and as individuals, and to some small extent its influence in these directions is undoubtedly observable among the people. It exercises a marvellous restraining power over them. It "has unified," as Mr. Smith writes, "the language, the thought, and the race. It has developed a nation of keen intellectual ability, able, as we have already remarked, to hold their own with any other race on the planet." But here its influence for good stops. It has provided the skeleton of a moral system, but has contributed nothing towards filling in the framework. It is an excellent machine, but lacks the all-important motive power to make it work.

Nothing can be better than the morality which it teaches. "Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles" is one of the earliest injunctions which the student meets with on beginning his study of the *Confucian Analects*. If he be a foreigner and has mastered the canon before visiting China, he may possibly land in expectation of meeting a people whose word is to be believed, and in whose every action is reflected a transparent honesty. A short acquaintance with them is, however, sufficient to disabuse his mind of these fallacies. He will quickly perceive that this, like all the other high-sounding phrases of the old philosophers, is written in sand so far as the national conscience is concerned; that the people have no prejudice in favour of truth, and that they are insensible to the shame attaching to a falsehood. Mr. Smith aptly illustrates this failing by the following instance:—"A friend of the writer received a visit from a Chinese lad who had learned English, and who wished to add to his vocabulary an expressive meaning 'You lie.' He was told the phrase, but cautioned not to use it to a foreigner, as the result would certainly be that he would be knocked down. He expressed unfeigned surprise at this strange announcement, for to his mind the words conveyed a meaning as harmless as the remark, 'You are humbugging me.'" It is never possible to be sure that any statement made by a Chinaman is in itself true, or that it contains the whole of a truth. A typical instance of this characteristic has lately been furnished by the Chinese Government in its dealing with matters relating to the recent riots. It never occurs to a Chinaman, of whatever rank, to hesitate to make a false statement if it should suit his purpose to do so. If the assertion be accepted, so much the worse for the acceptor; but if this last be a native or a foreigner who understands the Chinese manner of conducting controversies, he will require a demonstration of its truthfulness before he will give it credence. Should the statement turn out to be unfounded, as very commonly it will, its author will be quite ready to admit its falsity without a blush, and to commit himself to another asseveration which, in all probability, will have as little of the true metal of sincerity as the first.

As the late Mr. Baber wrote of this strange people, "incapable of speaking the truth, they are equally incapable of believing it." At the same time they are ever ready to believe any monstrous tale that may be palmed off upon them. To this habit of credulity Mr. Smith devotes one of his very interesting and amusing chapters, and in it and other parts of his volume he takes occasion to point out, with truth, that Chinamen never think it necessary to test an assertion by ascertained facts related to it. If these "stubborn things" do not agree with the antecedent statement, it is no affair of theirs, and instead of attempting to reconcile the irreconcilable, they adopt the simple plan of accepting both views. We have recently had experience of the singular credulity with which the people, at the instigation of designing agitators, have accepted without question all the ridiculous and scurrilous stories about foreigners which have been scattered broadcast in the central provinces. Some of the more harmless of these find a parallel in an instance quoted by Mr. Smith, in which "a countrywoman expressed the opinion that the remarkable whiteness of foreign children is due to the practice of their mothers of licking them every day as cats do their kittens." By the last mail news was brought of an equally preposterous example of unreasoning belief. An opposition to missionaries is reported to have suddenly arisen in Shansi, where an enchantress lately routed the Christians by persuading the people that in a recent visit to Heaven she discovered the falsity of the new doctrine.

Such faith, if properly directed, would remove mountains, but

unhappily, both by mode of life and by the current system of education, the national mind is cramped and confined within narrow and deep grooves, and resembles that of a child, in so far as regards the implicit belief with which every statement of whatever kind is accepted. No outside experience nor intercourse with other people helps to widen their knowledge of life. The vast majority of Chinamen live and die within bowshot of the place of their birth; everything beyond the contracted limits thus set to their observation is "foreign" to them. Not only Europeans but natives of other provinces, and even of other districts within the same province, are foreigners in their eyes. Like the character in one of Richter's novels, quoted by Mr. Smith, every Chinaman assumes that the first meridian lies through his own skull. "His own village, his own district, his own prefecture, province, and country are *his*, all others are outside," and on them he looks with undisguised contempt.

The author of the remarkable essays which form this volume has resided for many years in a country district in one of the northern provinces of the Empire. He has lived among the people as one of themselves, and has gained a more intimate knowledge of their characteristics than has probably been acquired by any other foreigner. He is evidently a keen observer, and possesses in a marked degree the power of expressing himself in terse and idiomatic language. His essays are as full of interest as they are of matter, and convey a better idea of the strange people of whom he writes than is to be found in shelf-loads of ordinary works on China.

PHASES OF ANIMAL LIFE.*

IN a volume of slight but lucid and pleasant essays, Mr. Lydekker has placed before us some of the varieties of structural formation to be found in past and present types of zoological life. He is not very happy, we think, in defining his intention as being "to illustrate in a popular manner a few of the various modes in which animals are adapted to similar conditions of existence." The use of the word "similar" here seems vague and ambiguous; for where does the similarity come in? It would be stricter to say that the essays, as a whole, show the mode in which, at various stages of the world's existence, the structure of animals has been adapted to their requirements. Mr. Lydekker is well acquainted with his subject, and writes plainly, though not elegantly. His little chapters read like half-hour popular lectures of the better class, and this, we suspect, has been their original employment. There is an absolute want of reference, and if Mr. Lydekker writes again he would do well to recollect that "a well-known writer states" is not an adequate formula of acknowledgment. When will young aspirants learn that it does themselves no disadvantage to be found civil to their elders?

One of the most curious instances of change of mind on the part of nature is illustrated by the history of mail-clad vertebrate forms. The earliest fishes, like the world's first civilized warriors, found it necessary to be encased in complete plate-armour. Curiosity is greatly exercised to know what can have been the conditions under which such a form as *cephalaspis* shot through the seething waters like an iron torpedo boat. Since then, the regular tendency has been towards a simplification of the armour, a reduction of its extent, a more supple and elastic distribution of its parts, with, in the course of ages, a gradual tendency to reject armour altogether as a lumbering and ineffectual form of defence. Most of our knowledge of the old cap-à-pie style comes from examination of the Old Red Sandstone; but one of the original Gogs and Magogs of the fishy world survives in the gar-pike of the American rivers, whose body is covered with lozenge-shaped scales of solid bone. In the mammalian world the armadillos and the pangolins survive; but the most amazing of all mailed animals, the glyptodont, long ages ago gave up the unequal struggle with his own uncompromising carapace of bone without a fold or an articulation in it. Life under a solid dish-cover was not worth living for a glyptodont.

Some curious considerations enter into the varieties of true and spurious flight. True flight is very rare in the animal kingdom, being practically confined to the birds and the insects. Bats, among mammals, are the only genuine fliers; but it is now certain that the extinct class of pterodactyles, among reptiles, enjoyed true flight. Marsh restored the pterodactyle—a thing fit to send a nursery into convulsions. This was a winged dragon, with a racket-shaped tail, and enormous crocodile's jaws, armed with sharp teeth. In the Haarlem Museum is a slab of limestone marked with the print of the trailing tail of a pterodactyle, and the im-

* *Chinese Characteristics*. By Arthur H. Smith. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1892.

* *Phases of Animal Life, Past and Present*. By R. Lydekker. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

pression of the creature's delicate membranous wings has sometimes been found on stone. It is romantic and appalling to think of these beings—they were sometimes twenty-five feet in length—suddenly darkening the air with their flight, and descending to carry off an infant or an ox in their carnivorous jaws. But it appears that they had ceased to exist before infants began to offer that delicate attraction.

Giant birds, again, strike the imagination with awe, and these, at all events, have lingered on into historic times. The ostrich, the emu, and the cassowary are large fowl of sorts, yet they dwindle into insignificance by the side of certain fossil species. It is difficult to understand how New Zealand was able in comparatively recent times to support no fewer than twenty species of its elephantine moas. The egg of the *epyornis* of Madagascar should have figured on the breakfast-table of Gargantua; it contained rather more than two gallons of nutriment. Not every one knows that the famous dodo was an enormous pigeon, which had grown until it lost its power of flight, and so fell an easy prey to its foes; and, probably, all these unwieldy feathered forms sank out of existence because of their excessive bulk and inability to conceal themselves from dangerous assailants.

No more extraordinary form has succumbed to its own inconvenience than that of the long-necked paddle-lizards of the sea, the plesiosaurs. It will be remembered that about thirty years ago P. H. Gosse started the theory that the sea-serpent, which was then for ever being vaguely heard of, might be an ancient retainer of this class—might be, in fact, the Last of the Plesiosaurs. Darwin and others were inclined to entertain this view, which no evidence has ever really supported or disproved. By this time, no doubt, that venerable survivor is no more, and his extraordinary skeleton, with its forty feet of snake-like tortuousness, mingles with the bones of age-old krakens and fish-lizards in some chasm of the Atlantic bottom. Life and the ordinary conveniences of travel proceed more comfortably, doubtless, in the absence of these and other tremendous horrors; but the delineations of their probable forms remind us that the romance of zoology had to cease before the romance of humanity could begin.

GEOFFREY DE MANDEVILLE.*

IN spite of its title, this volume can scarcely be described as a biography; for though it contains the biography of one of the most prominent lords of Stephen's reign, the story of his life is almost lost amid a mass of matter of other kinds. It is rather a series of disquisitions on certain points connected with the reign, and more especially with the charters granted to Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, together with numerous criticisms of the statements and opinions of historians who have written on the period. It is not a book to be taken in hand lightly; for it is full of arguments closely followed out, authorities are freely quoted in the text, and it is written with more learning than literary skill, though here and there we come across a passage, such as that on the death of Earl Geoffrey, which seems to indicate that, if Mr. Round chose to leave criticism for narrative history, he could write with spirit. He shows great industry and no small amount of critical ability, propounding and maintaining several propositions, some of them of first-rate importance, that more or less directly contradict the statements and opinions of historians of deservedly high reputation. It is impossible adequately to represent his arguments here, and we shall confine ourselves for the most part to giving some examples of the conclusions that he has arrived at, leaving our readers to go to his book for the reasons that have led him to adopt them. Many of his arguments are based on the charters granted to Earl Geoffrey by Stephen and by the Empress. Some of his points, however, are unconnected with these charters, and among them we may notice his contention that the appeal to the judgment of Rome on the conflicting claims of Stephen and the Empress, recorded in the *Historia Pontificalis*, and referred to by Gilbert Foliot in his letter to Brian FitzCount, took place, not as Freeman believed, in 1152, nor, as Miss Norgate has it, in 1148, but in 1136, and is, therefore, to be connected with Stephen's "confirmation" by the Pope, and not with his attempt to have his son Eustace crowned. Here Mr. Round seems to us to have proved his case. The election of the Empress as "Lady of the English" (*Domina Anglorum*) is fully discussed, and it is asserted that Bishop Stubbs and Freeman have both "failed to grasp" its true significance; for Mr. Round maintains that the precedent set by Henry I., who was elected at Winchester and afterwards crowned

at Westminster, taken in conjunction with the fact that the feudal title *Dominus* was used by our kings before their coronation, makes it certain that Matilda, who like her father was elected at Winchester, fully intended to be crowned as soon as possible at Westminster. If so, it is strange that she made so little haste to go to Westminster, and stranger still that she did not receive the rite during the days that she was there in the June following her election. After referring to what the two eminent historians in question have written on this subject, we are at a loss to know what it is that they have "failed to grasp"; they have certainly refrained from seeing evidence where no evidence exists. Would Mr. Round maintain that a king in describing himself as *Dominus Hibernie* declared his intention of being crowned King of Ireland? From a comparison between the first charter of Stephen (1140) and the first charter of Matilda (1141) to Geoffrey, Mr. Round concludes that the dignity of an earl did not "per se carry with it" the third penny of the pleas of the county. Stephen's charter granting Geoffrey the earldom of Essex does not mention the third penny, and Matilda specially grants it, "sicut comes habere debet in comitatu suo." On this question Mr. Round has, we think, only succeeded in showing that it is probable that the third penny went by express grant, not that an earl had not a right to such grant in virtue of his dignity. He seems to us to make too much of a rather unimportant point. His distinction between the third penny of the pleas and the third penny of town revenues is just; but though Bishop Stubbs's references to Domesday on this point are perhaps misleading, we cannot allow that he is here liable to any material correction. Mr. Round points out that, after the Empress had been forced to flee from London, the Queen granted Earl Geoffrey a charter, which has been lost. We are pleased to have our attention called to this small point, though, as he announces with exultation that it has been passed over by historians, we must observe that it is scarcely a matter that concerns any one save a biographer of Geoffrey de Mandeville.

From Stephen's second charter to Geoffrey Mr. Round draws some extremely interesting conclusions. It proves, he points out, that it was not by Matilda in June 1141, as Mr. Loftie asserts in his *London* (Historic Towns), but by Stephen in the following December, "that London and Middlesex were placed in Geoffrey's power," which at once disposes of the idea that the citizens turned against Matilda because she had granted Geoffrey the shrievalty. From this charter, too, we learn that it was not a new thing that London should be held on lease; for London and Middlesex had been held to farm by Geoffrey's grandfather at a rent of 300*l.* a year. The grant to Geoffrey of the offices of justice and sheriff is fully discussed in an appendix on the early administration of London, in which Mr. Round contends that the Middlesex granted *ad firmam* to the citizens of London by Henry I. included London, it being certain that there has never been but one ferm paid by the citizens, called, according to Henry's charter, the ferm of Middlesex, and in the Pipe-roll (31 Hen. I.) the ferm of London. Besides correcting some minor inaccuracies in Mr. Loftie's valuable works on the history of London, this appendix traverses his assertion that "London is not . . . and never was in Middlesex." Mr. Round suggests that the Anglo-Saxon portreeve of London, whose disappearance has always been recognized as a difficulty, lived on as the Norman sheriff of London, or Middlesex, or London and Middlesex. And he differs from Freeman and Bishop Stubbs in dating the charter of Henry I. after the Pipe-roll of 1130, instead of referring it to the beginning of the reign, and from Mr. Loftie and Miss Norgate with reference to the policy of Henry II. towards London, pointing out that the charter of Henry II. omits the concessions of Henry I. as to the ferm and the shrievalty, and that the ferm paid under Henry II. was over 500*l.* a year instead of 300*l.*, as provided by his grandfather's charter. We need scarcely insist on the extreme importance of the points we have noticed; they are carefully argued, and we shall look with interest to see whether those who have hitherto maintained contrary opinions have any satisfactory answer to bring forward. Another appendix which demands notice traverses Bishop Stubbs's statements that the earls created by Stephen were "new men," and that their poverty was relieved by "pensions on the Exchequer." The phrase "new men," used in the Bishop's little book, *The Early Plantagenets*, is, we think, open to misconstruction, and does not occur in his *Constitutional History*. But that Stephen's earls received grants which may fairly be described as "pensions on the Exchequer" is distinctly stated by William of Malmesbury in a passage (Hist. Nov. i. § 467) quoted by Mr. Round, who denies, we think, without sufficient ground, that it supports Bishop Stubbs's view, and seeks to destroy its force by the merely negative argument that the charters that we have speak only of grants of lands. He further

* *Geoffrey de Mandeville: a Study of the Anarchy.* By J. H. Round, M.A., Author of "The Early Life of Anne Boleyn: a Critical Essay." London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

contends that none of these earls were displaced by Henry II. He makes out a good case, and it will be remembered that Bishop Stubbs handles the question with the greatest caution in his *Constitutional History*. A second charter from the Empress rewarded a fresh treason on the part of Geoffrey, who, as Mr. Round says, seems to have changed sides merely to secure on each change a higher price; he put "himself and his fortress up to auction," and "obtained from the impassioned rivals a rapid advance at each bid."

The points that we have noticed here are only a few of those which Mr. Round has discussed with much learning and dexterity. We gladly acknowledge the good service that he has done in thus minutely examining, by the aid of charters, some difficult problems connected with a very short and obscure period. On the other hand, we are bound to say that he has been guilty of faults more serious in our eyes than the misreading of a charter. He would do well in any future book that he may write to remember that an author should be chary of self-congratulation, and should abstain from perpetually calling attention to the extreme importance of every discovery that he believes himself to have made; for it may chance that some of his discoveries may seem to his readers as tithes of mint and anise and cummin. A passion for differing from and correcting others has led him more than once to make a mountain out of a molehill, to insist uncharitably on any inaccuracy that he has been able to discover in the works of historians, and to construe as inaccurate any words of theirs which are at all capable of such construction. Unfortunately he seems wholly unaware of the heavy debt that every scholar owes to those who have laboured before him, and of the spirit and tone in which he ought to refer to them. He speaks of some of the authors from whom he differs with an arrogance that is perfectly intolerable. One of these authors is now unhappily no more, and it is only fair to Mr. Round to point out that his book was written before Freeman's death. Yet even so, his sneers at that distinguished historian are evidence of his deficiency both in judgment and good manners. He seeks to enforce one of his most offensive remarks by quoting some pretentious impertinence from a "learned criticism" in the *Genealogist*. It is strange that men should be foolish enough not to perceive that they never appear so small as when they gird at those greater than themselves. Mr. Round shows here that he can do good work of a certain kind—of an inferior kind, some at least will think, to the work of men who present in a not unworthy form the history either of institutions, or of an epoch in a nation's existence, or of the life of a great city—and it is a pity that he should make himself ridiculous by attempting to belittle achievements that he has not rivalled. In a work so large as the *History of the Norman Conquest* there must necessarily be some imperfections, and it is not surprising if minute labour over a few years of a reign which is avowedly treated there in a broad manner, and, as the author announced, merely "from a special point of view," should have brought one or two to light. At the same time those who are qualified to judge historical work know that the book affords ample proof that Freeman was an historian of sound judgment, vast learning, and unsurpassed accuracy. Their opinion will not be shaken by the sneers or arguments of Mr. Round.

POETS AND POETRY OF THE CENTURY.*

POETICAL anthologies are always amusing, especially when they are the result of co-operative labour. They do not always supply any *felt* want in these days of cheap books, and they have nothing in common with the Greek Anthology, though a good many people seem to think so. But if no one wants them, every one buys them—merely for the fun of the thing. There is something irresistible in the critical capers of the editors, whose contributions are often more interesting than the works edited. Another humorous side of the matter is that few ever agree with the choice of the selectors. Exception, of course, must be made of those anthologies compiled by recognized critics when they possess an educational or literary value, and when public opinion is of no importance whatever, or the very valuable and delightful collections for the use and delectation of children. Where ladies are concerned, the undertaking is naturally a delicate one—full of pitfalls and dangers. Great temerity is required for the selection from the poems of the ninety and nine Sapphos of a later day. But Mr. Alfred Miles and his co-editors have proved equal to the task, and we know of no other volume that can present in so small a space such a favourable, and so general, an impression of the feminine poetic talent of the century. Mr. Miles has devoted a volume to that classical period of English literature

that lies between Joanna Baillie and Miss Mathilde Blind. As far as Mr. Miles is concerned, nothing could be better done. But to any one who can really appreciate unconscious absurdity, we recommend the little notes on Mrs. Carlyle and George Eliot from two other pens.

In the group of noble dames to whom Mr. Miles presents us, there are only two (or perhaps three) whose work is of the very first rank. Mrs. Browning and Miss Christina Rossetti would be *hors concours* in any selection from the poets of both sexes. The former is by far the more popular, and, according to some critics, to be placed on a far higher plane than the latter. It is, however, a matter of choice, and, in our opinion, no subject for dogmatizing. Miss Rossetti's poems have a peculiar exquisite quality, a feminine charm lacking in the stronger and more masculine poetry of Mrs. Browning. Strong and musical as are Mrs. Browning's numbers, she never quite reached to that "imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength" to which her husband could climb at his best. Nor can the warmest admirers of Miss Rossetti claim for her the poetic endowment of her brilliant brother. Such unfair comparison, however, does not affect the high position Miss Rossetti and Mrs. Browning occupy in English literature. The third poet of importance who appears to us to be something more than Joanna Baillie is Miss Jean Ingelow. Concealed under her eccentric phraseology, obvious rhyme, and often slipshod metre, are the qualities of a true poetic gift.

It is fashionable now to speak slightly of such poets as Mrs. Hemans, Mary Howitt, Eliza Cook. If we are not able to understand the esteem and admiration in which they were held, we should think on the fate that probably awaits some of the young "poets" of a later day, whose laboured striving after "form," and whose rhymed epigrams on French and English men of letters, may bore our children as Mrs. Hemans bores us. Mrs. Hemans affected the heart rather than the head, while certain poets of to-day only affect the nerves. Eliza Cook appealed to an intellectual audience untouched by extension lectures. She stirred the great middle classes of England, yet there is no one who has quite taken her place, and who shall say that she sang in vain? Mrs. Hemans, Mary Howitt, and Eliza Cook were not poets of very high aims; their ambitions and their achievements were essentially parochial; they had not the dignity of their predecessors, nor the fire of their contemporaries; they had no expectations of the great possibilities, the unsounded notes of later English verse. They knew nothing of Mr. Arnold's "high seriousness" or "criticism of life"; their appreciation began and ended in a frightened admiration of Shakespeare. We do not look to them for lofty subjects, elaborate harmonies, delicate metres, impeccable prosody, but the humbler merits of admirable sentiment, a genuine patriotism and homely themes—qualities that cover a deal of false quantity—and with all this the lyrical gift was assuredly theirs. They amused the characters of Thackeray, and surely may amuse us, and even touch our refined senses. Our mothers read Mrs. Hemans, our daughters read Mr. Lewis Morris—our mothers have chosen the better part.

A MIDLAND RAMBLER.*

THIS handsomely got-up volume is asserted on the title-page to have been illustrated by the author. The impression it produces is rather that of having been written by the artist. The "introductory" chapter, by Mr. Payne-Smith, is the usual account of Rugby School, containing nothing that is not to be found in a good many other places. The illustrations and the corresponding parts of the letterpress set forth the glories, not only of Hillmorton, Dunchurch, and Bilton, but also of places as far afield as Warwick, Coventry, and Northampton. The battle-fields of Edge Hill, Naseby, and Bosworth Field are duly noticed, and there is a very full account of Stoneleigh. Mr. Rimmer's sketches are all nicely done, and worth looking at for those who know or are interested in the places he describes. He is a rather rambling person in style as well as in fact. Fragments of history are thrust into the middle of geographical and architectural disquisitions in an odd way. The chapter about Coventry, for instance, after suitably dealing with churches and with Greyfriars Hospital, concludes as follows, *à propos* of Parliaments held there:—

'The King, Henry VI., had become very unwell, and the Duke of York, as a descendant of Edmund Langley, quietly put in his claim to the future monarchy, and his claim was rather popular. The King was so unwell as to be almost in-

* *Poets and Poetry of the Century: from Joanna Baillie to Mathilde Blind*. London: Hutchinson.

* *Rambles round Rugby*. By Alfred Rimmer. With an Introductory Chapter by the Rev. W. H. Payne-Smith, M.A., Assistant-Master at Rugby School. With 73 illustrations by the Author. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

capable for a year, and York was appointed the protector of the realm. On the King's recovery, Somerset, who had been committed to the Tower, was restored to power, and York took up arms. Somerset fell, and a renewal of the King's malady restored York to power; but the recovery of the King caused his overthrow, and he fled to Ireland, when the Queen summoned a Parliament to Coventry, and all sorts of harsh attainders were passed against the Yorkists.

It reads like a rather idle schoolboy's answer to the question, "Summarize the principal events of the years 14—14—" The sketches, however, are worth looking at.

ATLASES AND BOOKS OF GEOGRAPHY.

STANFORD'S *Guinea Atlas* (Stanford), which appears with the date 1892, in a small folio very well and stoutly half-bound, will amply maintain the reputation of the publisher for work of this kind. It contains thirty-eight maps, which is about the usual allowance for a full atlas *orbis terrarum*. For our parts we could wish for a division of Africa into three, for a map of Central Asia, and for a division of Australia into at least two parts. The fact is that the old "continent" maps are now of very little use. As far as giving the general relations of places on the earth's surface, one good "hemisphere" map (which we miss here) and one on Mercator's projection (which is here, and no doubt is the more useful of the two) suffice. For anything more, single maps of Europe, Asia, and Africa are, except in atlases of enormous size, too small to be of much good. We have, moreover, before now remarked that such things as "orographical" maps, though they meet a passing fad, are much more for special than for general atlases. But this sort of criticism is always rather unfair. As it gives itself the atlas is very good and well worked up to the latest dates. We are glad to see that Mr. Stanford does not allow the French claim to Amsterdam and St. Paul. The inconvenience of permitting these to be anything but British any world-map shows at once; for they make an exact half-way house between Cape Town and Albany. He has put in Aldabra, too, which seldom, we think, has appeared in a map of the size before, and coloured it of a "bloody red," as reason has it. A useful peculiarity of the map of Europe is the drawing of a dotted line in seas which belong to more than one Power, so as to indicate the general line of demarcation in island territories. There is a useful inset map of France in provinces added to the modern scheme, and we may specially commend the two maps of the countries around the Mediterranean Sea. By the division of India into North and South the absence of a map of Central Asia is to some extent—not quite—made up, and the so-called East Indies map, giving the archipelago from Malacca to New Guinea, is excellent. Indeed, the whole is one of the best atlases of its scale and class that we have ever seen.

One point excepted, *Black's Handy Atlas of England and Wales*, edited by Mr. Bartholomew (A. & C. Black), is a most useful addition to the shelf of Books of Reference. Its size does not much exceed that of an ordinary volume of a three-volume novel; it contains an ample descriptive index, and sixty-eight double-page plates, opening flat, and very clearly and well printed. The earlier plates are occupied by all manner of statistical diagrams, showing heights of hills, geological facts, rainfall, Parliamentary divisions, railways, canals, chief lighthouses, and what not. Then we come to the actual topography; and here we think the mistake comes in. The plans of towns are quite excellent, and very useful. There are some sixteen or seventeen of them, and we only wish Messrs. Black would add some more, and publish them in a volume by themselves. There is, so far as we know, nothing of the kind; and in perambulating England we have constantly wanted it. But the county maps are on too small a scale to be really useful, and this is due to what we think an error in arrangement. It seems to have been thought necessary to give the maps in actual counties, or groups of counties. For instance, Oxford, Berks, and Bucks are included in one map, and this reduces the scale sometimes as low as six miles to an inch, which is far too small to be of much service. Yet in consequence of the irregularity in shape of most English shires, a great deal of space is absolutely lost. Thus in the case of Gloucestershire, barely half the space is occupied; the rest being blank or half-blank space, mapped elsewhere. In small plate maps like this we are convinced that the right way is to neglect the county, and give rectangular districts, joining on one to the other. In this way no space would be lost, a much larger scale (probably three, if not two, miles to an inch) could be easily managed, and, by colouring the county boundaries boldly, very little confusion or inconvenience could occur. The fact is that, though we have excellent map-makers in England, they are too prone to go in grooves. In the grooves, however, this is excellently done; and,

indeed, it may claim to have to some extent, though not quite sufficiently, got out of them.

It is popularly supposed that a reviewer is ignorant of the sense called bashfulness. We can, however, avouch that in despatching the revised edition of Commander Alfred Taylor's *Sailing Directory* (Two Parts. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.) in a few lines, we do feel a certain *purpureus rubor* stealing over our countenances. The only thing to be said is that we do not quite see how it could be worthily reviewed anyhow. Lord Brassey might make a shift: or an exceeding ancient master mariner who had used the seas for a lifetime or two. Indeed, if Messrs. Smith & Elder will supply us with a six-hundred-ton three-masted schooner (we want no floating steam hotels), and will keep it up for five or ten years, we will attempt to give a sort of outline of the book's merits from actual experience. As it is, we can only pretend to have dipped into it here and there, and testify to a very genuine admiration of the thoroughness with which the work seems to be done. Here shall you learn how to get round Acheen Head, remembering the fact that, as Captain Taylor remarks with historic calm, "the king of Acheen is often in a state of warfare with some of his subjects," and, as he adds with even more admirable moderation, "is now at war with the Dutch." Observers, we believe, calculate that "war with the Dutch" has been going on (though some say it ended in 1875) for about twenty years, and is about as near its end as it is to its beginning. Here shall you learn how to steer if, feeling like St. Francis Xavier or Robinson Crusoe, you are bound to Trincomalee or to Macassar Town (where you would naturally inquire for Rowland's). These two huge volumes deal only with the Indian and China seas and the Brazilian and African coasts, and the amount of information in them is enormous. No one who has a weakness for geography can refuse admiration to the patient care with which it has been collected, and the clearness with which it is arranged.

The fourth volume of Sir Edward Hertslet's great *Map of Europe by Treaty* (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode), though itself a formidable compilation, is much more within the compass of the ordinary student who has no more than reason travelled by land and sea. It is, indeed, as those who have consulted its former volumes know, an historical, or rather diplomatic, treatise with a geographical title, and, as it deals with the most recent times (1875 to 1891), any reader must possess an ignorance more than natural if he is not to some extent *à même* with it. It has actual maps showing the alterations introduced during the period, the new boundaries drawn, and so forth; but its main and principal point is the collection of documents relative to the changes thus made. These are arranged in order, annotated where necessary, and generally placed in condition for the historian, the publicist, and the politician to consult. Here, for instance, among other famous papers which have each in its way become a name, is the Andrassy Note, which at the end of 1875 stirred Camarina, and ultimately brought about the Russo-Turkish war and the further dismemberment of Turkey. Here is the Berlin Memorandum, which succeeded it next May, and the British replies to each. Here are those proclamations of war by Serbia and Montenegro, egged on by Russia, which made the struggle inevitable. Here are the documents of the Constantinople Conference, which did not prevent, and those of the Berlin Congress, which somehow or other patched up, the war, with the Treaty of San Stefano, and all the memorandums and circulars, and the rest of it, as well as the constitutions of the British occupation of Cyprus. Then we pass to all the pother about Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and the Dulcigno demonstration, and the fuss about the Greek frontier and the Danube boundaries, and the Servian and Bulgarian war. It will thus be observed that almost the whole contents of the volume deal with the Eastern question, the points which do not concern it, such as Luxembourg, Heligoland, and one or two more, being few. Sir Edward does not, as a rule, travel out of Europe; but he has given the African agreements of 1885 as joining on to certain provisions of the Treaty of Vienna.

Mr. George Ranken's *Federal Geography of British Australasia* is a volume (printed at Sydney, but published in London by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.) which seems to be intended, from a list of questions subjoined to each section, to be used as a school-book or in some similar fashion. Its use, however, as a book of reference or for continuous reading by any Englishman who wishes to acquaint himself with the geography and geographical statistics of the colonies is to be recommended. Few English atlases give very satisfactory maps of Australia; the situation of the various colonies round a huge central basin of uninhabited land making it difficult to do so, unless a considerable number of separate plates are devoted to the subject. Mr. Ranken has twelve—two for Australia generally, one apiece for New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, and New Zealand, two apiece for

Western and Southern Australia, with their vast sweeps of desert, and one for the "dependent islands"—New Guinea, Fiji, the Chathams, and Norfolk Island. The maps are clearly drawn and well printed, but seem in some cases to an English eye insufficiently filled in. Under the head of each colony pretty full and decidedly well-arranged details in the style of the older, and we think not the worse, geographies are given, including historical outlines, statistics, topographical surveys, sketches of products, and the like. The book is written in a businesslike manner, with hardly any excursions of the "blowing" kind.

We are not greatly enamoured of the plan of *Longman's School Geography for South Africa*, by George Chisholm and J. A. Liebmann. The title is rather an odd one, and may not immediately suggest (though we admit that it accurately enough, when you know it, describes) the nature of the book. It is not a mere school geography of South Africa, as might be vainly imagined, but a Geography for South African Schools. That is to say, there are first some sixty pages devoted to the kind of general talker-talker which the modern geographer loves. Then come ninety devoted to African geography generally, and South Africa in particular, and then a couple of hundred devoted to the rest of the world. We question the desirableness of this arrangement, which appears to contemplate an oecumenical system of varying geography books for Australia, for India, for Canada, and for the Falkland Islands. We have never approved of the allotment of a wholly disproportionate space to the British Isles in geographies intended for home school use. If history must be to some extent, geography should not be to any, a Chauvinist science, and the various countries of the world should be impartially regarded by it. The study of one's own country, geographically speaking, with greater minuteness may come afterwards. However, this is matter of opinion, and no doubt it will be pleasing to South Africans to have a geography adapted to the meridian of Cape Town. Moreover, it is a good geography in its way. Professor Liebmann's South African part is very well and carefully done, and though Mr. Chisholm's part seems to us to show less of "new departure" than he thinks, and where it does show new departures to be of less value than he thinks, this also contains plenty of well-arranged information.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS.*

THERE have been many books, some of them of a most exhaustive character, on the art of illuminating; but, strange to say, none of the same scope as this one of Mr. Middleton's. He gives a history of the art from the time of the ancient Egyptians down; but, though his book is so comprehensive, it is by no means large, all he has to say being said in 270 pages octavo. But Professor Middleton is not given to wasting words, and, indeed, if we have a fault to find, it is that he is often too brief, too concise, and remembers too little the stupidity and ignorance of his fellow-creatures. The illustrations are numerous and good, being woodcuts, and very clearly printed; but Mr. Middleton has not ventured on any chromolithographs. As both curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum and also Slade Professor, he has excellent opportunities of studying the illuminated manuscripts committed to his charge, and, unquestionably, he has taken every advantage of his position, but has not been content without a careful examination of every other collection to which he could obtain access, and has further supplemented his store of information by an impartial survey of his own well-selected library. We may commence a notice by briefly running through the headings of the chapters, and can afterwards select anything we find particularly interesting for more detailed examination.

The first chapter relates to "Classical Manuscripts written with a Stylus," and describes, among other things, writing on metal plates, on waxed tablets, on boards, on horn, and on ivory, with a special reference to consular diptychs and to "bidding the beads," or asking for the prayers of a congregation. "The list of names was read out from the diptych by the Deacon," and Professor Middleton points out that the bidding prayer before the sermon at Oxford, Cambridge, the Temple, and other places, is a survival of the old custom. In the second chapter Mr. Middleton treats of "Classical Manuscripts written with Pen and Ink." He is very learned about the roll and the codex; about Egyptian books of the dead; about the manuscripts on papyrus found at Herculaneum, and about Roman libraries. The production of ancient books was greatly facilitated by the employment of highly educated slaves. The chief Roman publishers owned a large number of these unfortunate creatures. Fifty or a hundred could write from the dictation of one reader, "and thus a small

edition of a new volume of Horace's *Odes* or Martial's *Epigrams* could be produced with great rapidity and at very small cost." After a short but very learned treatise on the ink, pens, and papyrus, Mr. Middleton proceeds, in chapter iii., to tell us about classical manuscripts adorned with paintings, a most interesting subject, the more so as it gives him an opportunity for a short dissertation on pictorial art among the Greeks and Romans. In the fourth chapter we arrive at Byzantine Manuscripts. Chapter v. is on Carolingian Manuscripts, and in the next chapter we have the Celtic School. Here Mr. Middleton has much to say about the Book of Kells, the Gospels of St. Cuthbert, and the "Golden Gospels" of Stockholm, and enlivens his pages with the strange adventures of some of these books at the hands of the Vikings and others. In the next chapter he treats of Anglo-Saxon art, in a most interesting account of a type of illumination in which English painters excelled all others of that period. In chapter viii. he does not confine himself to book ornaments, but describes the wall-paintings at Westminster, the embroidered copes sent to Italy, and the general uprising of taste, even in the troubled days of Henry III. This is, perhaps, the most interesting chapter in the book, the subject being one which Professor Middleton has made peculiarly his own, and we shall return to it further on. A chapter on the French style follows, and a very curious passage on printed books decorated by hand. In the two divisions which come next we are told of the art as it was practised in Germany and the Low Countries and in Italy and Spain. The rest of the volume relates to the writers of manuscripts and their modes of life and methods of working. There is a great deal about the vellum in use, the gilding, the pigments, the pens, the brushes, and finally the bindings, and the last chapter ends with some remarks on the present prices of illuminated manuscripts, and the modern want of appreciation. There is an appendix containing directions to scribes from a manuscript at Bury St. Edmunds, and a note by the late Henry Bradshaw on Service Books.

Such is this remarkable treatise—during the reading of which we keep alternately wondering why nobody wrote such a book before, and reminding ourselves that nobody but Mr. Middleton could have written it. He brings to his observations on illumination so wide a knowledge of other arts that he can always illustrate one by the other; and his memory of such things is so unerring that he can without an effort "concatenate," so to speak, all that is required to connect the latest with the earliest work. This power is specially shown in the eighth chapter, where he treats of the remarkable outburst of artistic activity which took place in most of the countries of Europe, and nowhere more than in England, in the thirteenth century. This outburst has been accounted for by several theories, not one of which will exactly fit the circumstances of the case. Mr. Middleton says emphatically that English art at this period reached its highest development. "For a brief period England occupied the foremost position in the world with regard to nearly all the principal branches of the fine arts." Henry III. was fond of mural painting. Wherever he had a palace it was decorated with pictures. Mr. Middleton does not make separate mention of Guildford, where the castle was elaborately decorated, or of Windsor, where some of the mural painting survives, but concentrates his attention on Westminster. He tells us of the "Painted Chamber," and of "the Queen's low chamber," and its paintings of "the gestes of Antioch." There is still in the Deanery a chamber called Jericho, and another, which is better known, called Jerusalem, from the pictures which adorned the walls. Mr. Middleton points out that the good taste of such great artists as Edward of Westminster would not permit them to paint large pictures in a large hall, but to multiply the number of small ones, keeping the figures as delicate in execution and small in scale as if the room had been of the most limited dimensions. "This had the effect of enormously adding to the apparent scale of the room." How different this is from the practice of the ordinary modern architect, who seems anxious to disguise the height of a building, and make it appear half, or less than half, the height it really is! "The sixteenth-century tapestry," remarks Mr. Middleton, "in the great hall at Hampton Court is a striking example of the way in which gigantic figures may destroy the scale of an interior." In the second half of the thirteenth century, while Cimabue and his school "were still labouring in the fetters of Byzantine conventionalism," no work was produced in any country which, for jewel-like colour, grace of form, and harmony of composition could equal what was produced in England. Mr. Middleton singles out as examples the bronze effigies of Henry III. and of Eleanor of Castile. They were the work of William Torell, an Englishman, who used the *cire perdue* process, recently revived with such excellent results. Attempts have

* *Illuminated Manuscripts in Classical and Medieval Times*. By J. H. Middleton. Cambridge: University Press. 1892.

been made, but in vain, to prove that Torell was an Italian, and that the retable in the Abbey was by a foreigner, "but there is not the slightest foundation for either of these theories." Mr. Middleton also tells us of embroidered vestments, still preserved in various parts of Italy, made by English embroiderers of this period, "though their authorship is not, as a rule, recognized by their present possessors." He mentions examples in Rome, at the Lateran, and at Pienza, Bologna, and Florence; and, if we mistake not, an admirable cope of English thirteenth-century work is among the treasures of St. John's Church, at Valetta. On many occasions the Pope, in sending his pall to a new English archbishop, would ask in return an embroidered vestment of English work. It should be mentioned that in all previous printed books in which such vestments are mentioned "they are wrongly described as of Italian workmanship."

We cannot follow Professor Middleton through the rest of this delightful chapter. The most interesting part of it is that in which he speaks of the marvellous little manuscript Bibles. But we cannot pass by one example in the Cambridge University library, dating from about 1280, which has from thirteen to seventeen lines of text in an inch of the column. This, of course, is the important part of this eighth chapter, and contains the results of much original research. Altogether we may hope that after the publication of this book the days of ignorance on the subject may be past. If it is, the want of appreciation which Mr. Middleton complains of will also be past. He says that a manuscript Bible, on between six and seven hundred leaves of fine vellum, with eighty pictured initials, can commonly be purchased for from 30*l.* to 40*l.* It might interest him to see four in a private collection, the most expensive of which was bought for 10*l.*, and the cheapest, which also happened to be the best, for 8*l.* He finds much fault with collectors who will give more for a showy and over-elaborated manuscript of the sixteenth century than for a work of the purest and best period. The difficulty with this fascinating book is to know when to lay it down.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.*

THIS study of lower middle-class life is admirable, and in some of its touches it goes near to genius. It is the diary, extending over about a year and a half, of a highly respectable clerk in the City, one Mr. Charles Pooter, who seems to be verging on fifty years of age, although he still preserves a considerable vivacity of spirits. He has a wife, Carrie, the devoted partner of his joys and sorrows, and a son, William Lupin Pooter, commonly known as Willie. Mr. and Mrs. Pooter have recently come into possession of a new house, The Laurels, Brickfield Terrace, Holloway, from which Mr. Pooter goes up every morning to the establishment of Mr. Perkupp in the City, where there are many other clerks, but where, as time goes on, the reader observes the diarist to be more and more highly respected. Mr. Pooter's great ambition is to get Willie, who is now twenty years of age, appointed to a clerkship at Perkupp & Co.'s; but we gather that Willie has been something of a trial, and that his father has been very fortunate in getting a place for him in a bank at Oldham. The incidents recorded in the Diary are not merely exceedingly natural in themselves, but they are precisely those which such a person as Mr. Pooter might be expected to think worth recording. In that part of Holloway in which The Laurels is situated two or three friends of the Pooters have already settled, and this seems to have decided the latter in choosing a residence. Accordingly a sort of small society immediately forms itself around them. We are made to feel that the Pooters, with all their poverty and ineptitude, are essentially hospitable, and the little visits of their friends, and Carrie's ingenious artifices for entertaining them, occupy a great deal of Mr. Pooter's thoughts, and therefore of his Diary. He launches out further and further, and at last they have a party, with a paid waiter and several guests in evening dress, to which they even go the length of inviting Mr. Perkupp. This, however, is going too far, and ambition o'erleaps itself.

In process of time they are surprised by the advent of Willie, who announces that he has dropped his first name, and must be henceforth addressed as "Lupin." The indignation of Mr. Pooter, and his struggles to prevent the innovation, are pathetically useless. But worse is behind. When the Bank Holiday is over, and it is time to catch the train for Oldham, Lupin mentions that he has "resigned" his place in the bank, and, under pressure, that "if you want the good old truth, he's got the chuck." This dreadful news, and the presence of the ardent Lupin at home, are endured with great philosophy; but Lupin

now becomes an integral part of the story. Like onion's atom in Sydney Smith's salad, he animates the whole. He is a perfect specimen of the ordinary sensual clerklet. But we think that Messrs. Grossmith treat this very unpleasant outcome of our "so-called nineteenth century" with uncommon skill. Lupin is brutal, but he stops short of absolutely disgusting us; he is vapid and ignorant, but he has a certain smartness and adventurous humour which force us to follow his history with attention. At the end of the story no harm has been done by him, and he comes off well enough, yet not exasperatingly well.

Such is the story of *The Diary of a Nobody*, reduced to its simplest elements; but the charm and the skill of it reside in little touches which it must be left to the reader to discover for himself. When Mr. Pooter tells the company of the dreadful dream he has had—that he saw some huge blocks of ice in a shop, with a bright glare behind them, and found that the blocks of ice were on fire—the reader rises up and calls the unfilial Lupin blessed for remarking, "What utter rot!" After the Franchings' party, the Pooters very nearly miss the train, "through Carrie having mislaid the little cloth cricket-cap which she wears when we go out." When they have the fearful blow of Lupin's losing his second engagement:—

"We all ate our breakfast in deep silence.

"In fact, I could eat nothing. I was not only too worried, but I cannot and will not eat cushion of bacon. If I cannot get streaky bacon I will do without anything."

When, by a most extraordinary good fortune, the Pooters are invited to meet the Representatives of Trade and Commerce at a ball in the Mansion House, where they know nobody, Pooter fancies at last he sees an acquaintance, and is "moving towards him," when Carrie "seized me by the coat-tails, and said quite loudly, 'Don't leave me!' which caused an elderly gentleman, in a Court suit, and a chain round him, and two ladies to burst out laughing." When Mr. Perkupp came to the party, and Frank and Lupin happened (alas!) to be personating the Blondin Donkey, he would not "come right into the room":—

"I apologized for the foolery, but Mr. Perkupp said:—"Oh, it seems amusing!" I could see he was not a bit amused."

There may be people who are like Mr. Perkupp, and who, in the mad pride of intellectuality, will be not a bit amused by these and a hundred other touches in *The Diary of a Nobody*. We venture to believe that they will find themselves in a minority. The book is so natural that it appeals irresistibly to the natural man, and no one need be so genteel as not to confess that the troubles of Pooter touch him here or there through the carapace of his social *savoir-faire*. If we have anything to advance against the Diary, it is a certain air of the old-fashioned. The Messrs. Grossmith have not been studying their lower middle-class quite up to date. When Mrs. James tells Carrie that "smocking" is all the rage, she means that it was so several years ago. We think that people in the condition of the Pooters would have their cuffs and fronts repaired at home. There seems a little excess in the drinking of champagne, even though the brand be "Jackson Frères." But these are notes in the sunbeam, and we may ourselves be ill informed on these great subjects. What we are sure of is that *The Diary of a Nobody* has amused us from cover to cover.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.*

THE ninth volume of Chambers is full, as its eight predecessors have been, of good miscellaneous reading. In one respect it even shows an improvement on them. Much more care is taken to quote authorities. We have noticed very few cases of failure to supply what ought always to be considered one of the most useful features of any encyclopædia. One instance there is in the article on the "Star Chamber," to which no name of an authority is attached. A less extreme example of failure in this respect is to be found in the article "Spain." It is either a gross exaggeration or a piece of sheer pedantry to say that "There is no good general history of Spain." Mariana's is a very good history indeed, to those who read with their brains, while Dunham and Lafuente, though not great historians, are far from bad. As Mr. Webster, the author of the article, quotes Hübnér's *Arqueologia*, Siret's *Les premiers âges du métal*, and Schirmacher's *Geschichte Castiliens*, it is strange that he could find no room to mention Dozy's *Recherches* and his *Histoire des Musulmans*. The *Encyclopædia* has deliberately incurred a certain risk by deciding to notice living men, and has not always escaped the dangers inseparable from that practice. They are of two kinds. The writer may be tempted to pass over matters on which it is disagreeable

* *The Diary of a Nobody*. By George Grossmith and Weedon Grossmith. With illustrations by Weedon Grossmith. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

* *Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge*. Vol. IX. Round to Swansea. London: W. & R. Chambers. 1892.

to touch, and thereby diminish the value of what he says as information. Of this error there is an example in the article on Mr. Stanley, from which no one would learn why the fate of the camp at Yambuya had ever been made a charge against the explorer. Again, the writer may be tempted to write in a too polemical spirit. Of this other error there is an example in the article on Lord Salisbury. Mr. Greenwood's very interesting article seems to us to have the fault of going too much into matters of opinion, which are surely out of place in an encyclopædia.

These weaknesses are perhaps inseparable from the scheme of the *Encyclopædia*. What might be avoided is the mistake of giving subjects to writers who are certain to treat them in anything but an historical or scientific spirit. Mr. Bramwell Booth, to take a flagrant example, has been allowed to write on the Salvation Army. Who wants an encyclopædia to give him the opinions and puffs of Mr. Bramwell Booth? Mr. A. R. Wallace is a very different person indeed; but none the less his article on Spiritualism is a very strange one to find in a work which does not profess, and ought not to undertake to serve the purpose of, any propaganda. The statement that "many of the most remarkable mediums have submitted to elaborate and careful tests by scientific and intelligent observers, with results wholly beyond the powers of professional conjurers," though no doubt written in absolute good faith, is simply misleading. Were the "scientific and intelligent observers" themselves conjurers? If not, what does their evidence prove? But we know what the professional conjurer proved about the Spiritualist miracles when he was called in. Of the articles which are, properly speaking, encyclopædia articles we have little but good to say. Mr. David Pollock's "Shipbuilding" is, perhaps, a little too historical, and we do not believe that the Norse ship dug up in the sepulchral mound at Sandefjord is 78 feet long by 7 feet in the beam. Seven is a clear misprint for 17. The actual measurement is 16 feet 11 inches, according to other authorities, and is far more consistent with probability. Seventy-eight by seven is an impossible proportion for an open boat meant to stand the waves of the North Atlantic. Mr. Pollock is quite right in saying that the ships built for the King of Spain in the last century were better than our own. Nelson even confessed that it was fortunate the Spaniards could not build men as well as ships; but then the chief of the constructors for the King of Spain in the eighteenth century was one Mullins, a subject of King George, and an Irishman. A very creditable article is that on "Scholasticism," which compares very favourably with the nonsense too often talked about those "strong swimmers in vortices of logic," the Scholastic Philosophers. Mr. Hume Brown, at least, sees the immense importance and enduring interest of the question of the schools, let the mere forms and methods of the disputants be as obsolete as you please. In the article "Signalling" we note an omission. Mr. Bolam mentions "Sir Home Popham, Marryat, and other inventors," but he says nothing of Kempenfeldt of the *Royal George*, who made the first real advance on the crude code of the Duke of York, which itself was only a slight advance on the signals of Sir John Hawkins. Mr. Bolam, by the way, is mistaken in saying that in "the times of James II. a ship's signal could only be expressed by flags in confusing number, hung in different parts of the vessel." There were also signals by lanterns, gun-fire, and the dipping of sails. The phrase, too, "a ship's signal" is curious. Strictly speaking, it means a signal made by the admiral for a particular ship; but from the context we take Mr. Bolam to mean any signals made by the ship, which is quite another thing.

The artistic and literary articles in the volume are of exceptional interest. Mr. Charles Whibley's "Sculpture" is very readable, and on the whole critical. Still he ought to have named the Spaniards with the other mediæval and modern schools, though he may have found them distasteful. Nor do we quite understand what Mr. Whibley means when he calls the carving of their gods by barbarous peoples "furtive attempts." Surely the idols of barbarians were not, and are not, carved on the sly, in holes and corners, out of mere terror of the enlightened art-critic. Mr. Saintsbury contributes a genial article on George Sand, and Mr. Traill another of the same quality on Sterne. Neither of these gentlemen belongs to the common race of critics who cannot see that, although A or B did things "against which God's judgment is denounced and for which hell-fire is prepared," yet they produced literature. The volume contains many articles of geographical and scientific interest, such as Prince Kropotkin's "Siberia," Professor Geikie's "Silurian System," Professor Kennedy's "Steam Engine," and Dr. Buchan's "Storms."

RECENT VERSE.*

IN *Zalmoxis; and other Poems* a fairly high and well-sustained excellence in craftsmanship is the chief feature to be noted. Not that Mr. Wilson is a singer without an individual note. There is certain, though slight, evidence, it seems, to the contrary in some of his Border songs and ballads, and in the lyrics collected under the humble title "Clods of the Valley." In this last section, indeed, are some tender and moving songs of aspiration, such as "Listen," and "Side by Side," in which the melodious expression of thought and emotion common to mankind take distinctly original poetic forms. But, for the most part, Mr. Wilson's inspiration is literary, and such as visits the scholar of poetic temperament whose thoughts are with the dead. His themes are drawn from such sources of suggestion, and not from imaginative communings with the prophetic soul of the wide world. His first two poems, "Zalmoxis" and "Two Figures at Delphi," are based on hints from Herodotus—the fable of the Getans who worshipped the slave Zalmoxis as a god, and that of the two Argive youths, Cleobis and Biton, for whom their mother besought the gods to bestow their best gift, and was answered by the death of her sons in the temple as they slept. Both legends are set to a spirited measure, and treated with grace and skill by Mr. Wilson. From Herodotus also is derived "The Daughter of Mycerinus," a less successful attempt in another metre; and in "Eloise" a more familiar subject is somewhat tamely rendered, possibly by reason of the author's deference to the exact letter of the existing document. In other poems in the volume a Tennysonian influence is perceptible. Perhaps it is more notable, as a beneficent influence, in "Calypso," where the goddess addresses her last words to Ulysses before his departure, and recalls the magic of his adventures:—

Odysseus, when I hear thy lips recite
The famous deeds done on the plains of Troy,
My famished soul is feasted with the sound;
This lonely isle seems peopled, and I cry
Thou art a god already—often then,
These hills and forests and near-floating clouds,
Taking new shapes, have grown to my rapt gaze
The very walls of Ilium. . . .
Hath thy voice ceased? Oh, yes, for see—they fade,
Those air-built phantoms, ships and tents and towers;
The battle's maddening music dies away,
Only the love-lorn nightingale's low call
Comes from the cedars, making soft accord
With the low rhythmic rollings of the sea.

Mr. Hovey's "Poem in Dramas"—*The Quest of Merlin*, a prelude, and *The Marriage of Guenevere*—shows an independent treatment of a subject that has attracted many modern poets; though we cannot say that the second play in his volume, which is styled a tragedy, possesses dramatic completeness, unless the present volume is intended as an instalment merely, of which design no hint, however, is given. As it stands, *The Marriage of Guenevere* suggests the first or second member of a dramatic trilogy. It ends abruptly at the accusation of Lancelot and Guenevere by Morgause, the sister of Arthur, and Queen of Orkney. The tragedy has its culminating point, it is true; but it is, though both powerful and effective as a situation, one in which the leading figures in the drama in whom interest is concentrated are but very indirectly associated. The climax in the action arrives in the discovery of the hypocritical Morgause's intrigue with Sir Ladas de la Rouse by Peredure, the brother of Guenevere, who slays the Queen of Orkney's lover and then commits suicide. Undismayed by this incident Morgause persists in denouncing the Queen before Arthur, and utterly fails in her enterprise. The King welcomes Lancelot to a seat beside him and Guenevere, and the drama ends with what cannot be called, in theatrical speech, an effective "curtain." Mr. Hovey's drama comprises some scenes that are wrought with skill and poetic in conception, and in the lyrical passages of the prelude—where fauns, nymphs, sylphs, gnomes, angels, the Norns, Valkyrs, Bacchus, Titania, Aphrodite are called up to assist Merlin in his quest—there is plenty of variety and some happy touches of fancy. It is odd that one whose independence in writing verges

* *Zalmoxis; and other Poems*. By James H. Wilson. London: Elliot Stock. 1892.

Lancelot and Guenevere. A Poem in Dramas. By Richard Hovey. New York: United States Book Co.

Phaon and Sappho and Nimrod. By James Dryden Hosken. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Potiphar's Wife; and other Poems. By Sir Edwin Arnold. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

Ethan dune; and other Poems. By James Williams. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1892.

The Deformed Transformed. By Ronald Ross. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

Lorenzo and Love Sonnets. By G. H. Kersley. London: Bickers & Son. 1892.

occasionally on eccentricity should commit so palpable a Tennysonian echo as is contained in the following lines from Mr. Hovey's dedication:—

As the young priest might feel before the shrine,
First time he speaks the words at whose low thrill
God smites himself into the bread and wine.

With Mr. Hosken's little volume is issued a leaflet, from which we learn that the author of *Phaon and Sappho* was born in Cornwall, is yet young, and at present combines literary work with the useful functions of an auxiliary postman in his native county. This information is imparted, no doubt, in a kindly spirit. But since Mr. Hosken's dramatic method appears to owe nothing whatever to the nature of his official duties, we cannot feel deeply interested in the statement. Mr. Hosken is not, as some of our Capel Loftis seem to think, the only poet of the Post Office. Over the border, in the neighbouring county of Devon, there is the cheery Mr. Capern, who is still "pretty vitty," we rejoice to know, wooing the muse and carrying letters. In one respect, at least, Mr. Hosken may justly claim to represent the men of letters. His dramas are based on a purely literary convention. The English drama, especially the Elizabethan drama, which he has evidently studied well, has not proved unfruitful in the way of inspiration. Then Mr. Hosken undoubtedly possesses genuine literary faculty, a good ear, true constructive instinct, some power in characterization, and still more power in developing the dramatic elements of his subject. This is no bad equipment in a playwright; yet with much admirable writing and some cleverly-designed scenes Mr. Hosken's dramas lack vitality. They are wanting, above all, in passion and imagination. A crucial scene is that between Nimrod and the ghosts in the second play. You are compelled to think of *Macbeth*—and the difference. A diction, though correct, expressive, and even elegant, becomes mannered and tedious, because unvaryingly sustained at one pitch. It has too much of what is commonly considered poetry—as when a shepherd's daughter speaks of "our bleating charge" and the sun peeping over "the shoulder of the world." This sort of thing is pretty enough, but it is a poor exchange for nature and actuality.

In the Japanese and Egyptian sections of Sir Edwin Arnold's slim volume there are some graceful adaptations of Oriental poets, and some characteristic descriptive or narrative poems, such as "The Egyptian Princess," "The No Dance," and the curious Japanese story "The Grateful Foxes," which well exemplify the picturesque pen and florid style of the writer. "Potiphar's Wife," again, takes a narrative form and a pictorial method. The scene is presented with a studied effect of colour and atmosphere. Both within and without, the stately pleasure-house of the Lady Asenath is depicted with the skill of a practised picture-maker. With less effect, however, is the passion of the incident suggested. Perhaps it is the choice of stanza, as much as the similarity of subject, that provokes the disenchanting thought of *Venus and Adonis*, especially in the stanzas XL–XLII, the last of which is a painful anti-climax.

Ethandune, the chief of several narrative poems in Mr. Williams's volume, tells of the raids of Sigurd Olavson in Britain of his marriage with Hilda, daughter of Earl Alfgar, and of their martyrdom in Norway. Mr. Williams deals with the story in vigorous style. His verse has the simplicity and strength that become the stirring theme. The sailing of Sigurd, the descent on Crowland by the Welland, the sacking of the abbey, the fight at Ethandune, are set forth in a vivacious and spirit-moving fashion in metres that are skilfully varied and accordant with the changing phases of the story. In "Emrys," again, the like effective directness of style is to be observed. The gift of concentrated expression which these poems reveal is especially fruitful in artistic results in the sonnets of Mr. Williams, which are distinguished by a true feeling for the qualities that make for excellence in that much-abused metrical form. The sonnets of Mr. Williams are one-thoughted and self-sustained. Although he has classified them as "Byzantine Sonnets," "Sonnets of Places," and so forth, the sonnet is not treated as a stanza. There is no diffuseness, no phrase-making, no "hammered" rhymes. They are mostly inspired by suggestions of foreign travel, or by an acquaintance with the literature of history and romance which is evidently the fruit of a genuine love of letters. "My Books" is an example of the kind, not unrepresented by poets, that must interest scholars, and the whole Byzantine series has the like interest and appeal. The "Sonnets of Places" strikes us as particularly happy—such are "Hoorn," "Malaga," "Carnac," and "Coimbra," which last we give:—

Mondego ripples to the sea below
Coimbra's crumbling towers, from Santa Cruz
At eventide the lonely sentry views
Estrella's craggy summit smooth with snow.

I sit and mark the gowned students go,
Grouped two and two in crows of divers hues,
Along the interlacing avenues
Where 'mid the limes the fireflies flash and glow.
Here, Ignez, didst thou bear love's martyrdom,
And here in his imperishable verse
Camoës raised to thee a monument.
The day of thy revenge is surely come,
For all the land is blasted by a curse,
The crown of empire from its brow is rent.

Mr. Ronald Ross appears to be quite satisfied that *his Deformed Transformed* is a play, and actable, whatever may be thought of the other, for he has appended careful instructions for its "reduction" with a view to its representation. A poet can scarcely be said to invite criticism who is so conscious of the defects of his work. It is rare, indeed, to find a dramatist desirous of reducing his play by one-half or two-thirds of its length. But the luxuriant dialogue and chaotic condition of Mr. Ross's drama decidedly call for this drastic treatment; though to what extent it would restore order and stimulate action, and make clear the dramatic purpose of the author, are problems not to be solved by us. Some of the scenes show clearly that Mr. Ross has the gift of imagination, a grim humour, and a certain command of the elements of grotesque. But the play, as a whole, is void of artistic design and extremely slovenly as to presentment. Then as to the one figure in the drama that is in any way a happy conception and impressively realized—the character of Gangogo—his speech, at least, betrays, more clearly than Mr. Ross seems willing to admit, his Byronic origin. We may quote from his address to the mysterious Alpine maiden Astrella, as proof that Mr. Ross's borrowing of a title is not the only Byronic point to be noted of his drama:—

Why do you scorn me?
Have I no heart, no passions, need of love,
No virtue in me like to other men?
Nature to me
Was not so much unkind as man has been,
By lashing all my soul with bitter jests,
Until the drawn and cramped cicatrices
Have twisted it as hideous as my body;
And I am I, Gangogo, flesh and mind.
If God made me a dwarf, men made me devil,
And telling me I was one made me one.

Mr. Kersley's drama opens in Florence at the close of the fifteenth century, and supplies some entirely novel pictures of Florentine society in that extremely moral age. The hero of the piece is one Lorenzo, a painter of high repute. A most unheroic and priggish person is Messer Lorenzo, full of fine sentiments and deft in cold and glittering speech. Unreal sentiment, indeed, and a diction that is absurdly artificial, mark most of the characters of the drama. Lorenzo is commissioned to paint the portrait of the beautiful and aristocratic Ada, who instantly falls in love with him. He has a rival, however, Piero his name, who discovers that Lorenzo has an illegitimate child whose mother had committed suicide. Piero informs Francesco, the father of Ada, of these facts, who, in his turn, undertakes to rate the unhappy Lorenzo soundly:—

FRANCESCO: It is my painful duty to accuse
Thee of unworthiness to be my guest.

And when Lorenzo expostulates with this welcome, he responds:—

The blazon of thy splendid genius
Has drowned the bruit of thy morality
Before it reached my ears, until to-day,
When, in a breath-pause of thy greater fame,
Thy lesser found a channel to my ear.

Of course the painter is forbidden the house. Subsequently he kills Piero, after strong provocation, and is cast into prison. Then he gets out, and by some strange chance meets Ada and her nurse in Spain. But the reproof of the virtuous Francesco has so wrung his soul that he bids his love get her—not to a nunnery, but to her parents, her aggrieved parents, in Florence, having nothing to offer her but the hope of "spirit-communing," which he assures her is "not an idle coax." If less bold, Mr. Kersley's sonnets are quite as sad and monotonous as his drama.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE do not quite know what to say of M. René Millet's *Rabelais* (1). We love boldness, and we hate futile discussions of uncertain points of literary biography. Now the biography of Rabelais is excessively uncertain; but the boldness with which M. Millet dismisses it almost deserves the classic epithet of

(1) *Les grands écrivains français—Rabelais*. Par René Millet. Paris: Hachette.

"Bragian." Except the barest outlines, he gives literally nothing at all about his hero's life, referring those troublesome persons who want to know to the life prefixed to Burgaud and Rathéry, to M. Arthur Heulhard, to anybody, in short, provided they won't bother him. He is equally cavalier in regard to the literary history, and dismisses the great *crux* of the whole, the authenticity of the last book, in a note of twenty lines, and a reference to M. Fernand Brunetière, who is himself not exactly a Rabelaisian specialist. Now we have so often grumbled or laughed at those who indulge in the "chatter" which is at the other extreme to this casualty, that it may seem rather unreasonable in us to object to M. Millet for being too casual. But, after all, there is such a thing as a golden mean, and it is rather hard on the candid ignorant who takes up a book to be referred for the main points to somebody else. Besides, M. Millet is nearly as casual with regard to the actual work. He discusses it almost always sensibly (though he is bitten by the stupid old error about the "gloom" of the middle ages), and sometimes, especially in the peroration (where he brings Rabelais *aux prises* with Naturalists and pessimists, and suchlike cattle), brilliantly. But when we ask ourselves, Would a person who has not read Rabelais—"which many hasn't," as M. Millet himself admits—understand this? Would he be able even to make head or tail of it? We are constrained to answer in the negative. And then, having so answered, we are bound to ask in turn whether a book of this sort is meant for the elect or for the general? The elect, whether they agree with it or not, will enjoy it; the general, we fear, will, in a pleasing idiom of M. Millet's country, "not see but fire therein."

The sixth series of M. Jules Lemaitre's *Impressions de Théâtre* (2) contains some very interesting matter. There are the curious articles on his own pieces *Le député Leveau* and *Mariage blanc*. There is the brief notice of *Macbeth*—a sincere or ironic palinode. There are two notices of Ibsen, in which M. Lemaitre says many shrewd things, but fails, we think, to appreciate some, both of the Norwegian's merits and of his defects. There are other pieces, all interesting, on Molière, on Dumas, on all sorts of persons. But as we never shall desert Mr. Micawber (who is, being interpreted, a theory that impressionist criticism, though often interesting and amusing, is the wrong sort), we shall take the liberty to observe that this supremely clever practitioner of it illustrates its weakness by frequently pronouncing no opinion at all. He expounds the piece very prettily and then plants us there. Perhaps Mrs. Witterly (to keep to the same company) may discover profound clevernesses and suggestiveness in these analyses. We don't, or at least don't always.

M. A. Lequante (3) has discovered, translated in great part, and annotated with particular care, certain rare, though not unknown, letters from France in 1793, written by the composer Reichardt, who was born about the middle of the last century, and of whom we fear not many Englishmen, save those interested in the history of music, have ever heard, was not merely a musician of more than average skill, a traveller, and a fertile writer. He was also a great Republican, or at least a great hailer of the dawn of the French Revolution. Indeed, he got into no small trouble at more than one time during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic period, owing to the fact. In 1792 he made a journey into France and stayed some considerable time (with introductions in each case to persons who could pilot him about) in Strasburg, in Lyons, and in Paris. His observations are not exactly of the first interest, but they are not of the last, and M. Lequante has annotated them with so much care and knowledge, that his notes are a kind of refresher to one's general remembrance of the minor personages of the period.

We can give sincere applause to M. Armand d'Artois. He calls *Le Capitaine Ripaille* (4) "Roman de cape et d'épée," and, as the examinee said, it is "a Roman from head to foot" and no mistake. It begins with a fine *guet-apens* and an excellent battle-royal on the banks of the Loire, and it ends with the justification of the criminal. All between these things is as it should be. *Macte virtute*, can we say to M. d'Artois.

The hero of M. Ocampo's novel (5) is an Englishman, Sir W. Albert Stone, and he causes a French lady to stoop to folly—an arrangement of parts not often condescended to by a French novelist. The book is well written, though too full of reminiscences of Schopenhauer, but neither hero nor heroine is particularly sympathetic. The former is a half Schopenhauer, half Byron, and we don't like the mixture; the latter appears to

us to be something of a baggage, to use a relatively polite term. But others may pass a less harsh judgment on her and him.

M. Georges Duval (6) undoubtedly knows England, or at least London, much better than most Frenchmen who write on the subject. His quotations and his names are generally if not invariably right, and his personages are not exactly *de fantaisie*. What further judgment should be passed on the history of Lord Madigan, his son William, and that son's beloved, Margaret Stent, we prefer to leave to readers.

We have also to notice a volume of *Traité conclus par la Russie avec l'Angleterre, 1710-1801*, edited, in Russian and English, by M. de Martens, and published by authority at St. Petersburg, to which we shall very likely return; three new volumes (*Monluc*, by M. Wormand; *Thiers*, by M. Zevort; and *Racine*, by M. Marceaux) of the remarkably cheap and good series of "Classiques populaires" published by MM. Lecène, Oudin, et Cie; and a useful *French Military Reader and Writer*, by M. Pellissier (Percival), selected specially to bring in as many French military terms as possible, and completed by a set of English passages for translation.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SOME skill and courage, it must be admitted, are required of a writer who would review in a single volume, and that a small one, the world's poets, from Homer to the present Poet Laureate, as is attempted by Miss Anna Swanwick in her *Poets, the Interpreters of their Age* (Bell & Sons). Nor does the thesis suggested by Miss Swanwick's title tend, by implication, to lessen the magnitude of the enterprise, but rather does it increase the task by a burden as superfluous as Matthew Arnold's unhappy definition of poetry as "a criticism of life." Excepting in the narrow limits prescribed by the theologian, the archæologist, the moral philosopher, Homer and Dante, Chaucer and Pope, Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning are not interpreters of their age. The poet is prophet as well as poet. He looks before, and after. In what special sense is Shakspeare, or Chaucer, or Burns, or Byron, or Keats, or Coleridge the interpreter of his age? When this question has been exhausted by the utmost ingenuity, it would be found that the essential qualities of the poet's poetry are entirely unaffected by it. In the present time we find Shelley claimed as the interpreter of the vegetarian, the communist, the teetotaler, by a little band of faddists, whose study of the poet begins with *Queen Mab* and ends with *Laon and Cythna*, and who rank the egregious notes on *Queen Mab* above *Prometheus Unbound*. Miss Swanwick, indeed, does not pursue this interpretative method to its logical conclusions, being much better employed in showing to what extent the poets are interpreters of the age that is. In the season of guide-books a guide to Parnassus is no bad thing for those who want time or inclination for independent studies.

Devonshire Idyls, by H. C. O'Neill (Stott), is a charming little book of reminiscences of Devonshire rural manners, customs, speech, folklore, and character, written by a Devonshire lady, whose sketches of country life in North Devon some fifty years since are marked by truth and simplicity, and a quiet yet penetrative pathos. The Devonshire speech, not yet killed by the Board School, is incidentally illustrated in these sketches, together with certain curious almost forgotten customs and beliefs, as they existed in the uncorrupted times long ago. "A Story of Something" is a capital spookical story, of a time when the writer as a little girl was instructed by her nurse that she should always break the bottom of the shell after eating an egg that "the fairies mightn't use it as a boat to sail away in." They were fond of the good people in the good old times. The story tells how a certain "pearl maid" as she was going home "in the dimpses" was overlooked by a witch, and was never more the same since. "Her came home all of a tremble and quite skeerèd like. And her said the old woman had drawn a ring round her, and dared her to get out of it. And Avicé said it was because her wouldn't buy a broom of she. And so her drewed the ring in the road mux with thickey broomstick." And dreadful things happened in the house afterwards. The "clome" rattled and danced, and the big bellows and furniture upstairs, until the Parson was called in, and "said them" with words from his black book. "But it was grandmother's chair that finished me," says he who tells the story. "When I saw en dapping down over the stairs just like a Christian I was up and off like a hare." The book is full of pleasant reading, and not for West-country folk only. "The Patchwork Quilt" and "Mary's Mug" are touching sketches of rural character, and there are delightful pictures of village life and the well-contented day of the labourer of the

(2) *Impressions de théâtre*. Par M. Jules Lemaitre. Sixième série. Paris: Lacène et Oudin.

(3) *Un Prussien en France en 1792*. Par A. Lequante. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Le Capitaine Ripaille*. Par Armand d'Artois. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Une passion*. Par Armand Ocampo. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Master Punch*. Par Georges Duval. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

old days in "Christopher Comer," "The School and the Scholars," and the rest.

Academy Architecture, edited by Alexander Koch (Simpkin & Co.), deals with recent architectural work in the form of an illustrated review of English and foreign designs. In the first portion of the book we have a good selection of drawings from the Royal Academy Exhibition, of domestic architecture, churches, and other public buildings. Another section illustrates chiefly designs by foreign architects, or by English architects in foreign lands, original or restorative; while in a third, or supplementary, part we have additional drawings from last year's Royal Academy, which forms, with the first part, a representative collection of designs.

A new edition of *A Little Tour in Ireland*, by "An Oxonian" (Edward Arnold), is a book deserving of notice, on account both of the Dean of Rochester's genial record of travel, and of John Leech's drawings, which comprise some of that artist's happiest work as a book-illustrator.

In *English Social Reformers* (Methuen & Co.) Mr. H. de B. Gibbins presents a well-knit and consecutive sketch of the most influential and fruitful reformers in matters social and industrial from the era of *Piers the Ploughman* to the teachings of Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin.

On the subject of thrift Mr. John M. Robertson—*The Fallacy of Saving* (Sonnenschein & Co.)—contends with the orthodox economists, and finds that the thrift of the individual does not contribute to the prosperity of the community. Many people, probably, neither thriftless nor students of economics, are troubled with a pathetic sense of the fallacy of saving, without troubling themselves about the State or society. But they do not feel the hatred of thrift that certain socialistic reformers profess. And while what Mr. Robertson calls "faith in parsimony," or the principle of saving, is active among the working classes, there is, as he regretfully admits, little prospect of the blessings he advocates, such as a graduated Income-tax, and State public works, "based on an extended taxation of rent and incomes," for the employment and training of inexperienced labour.

Of Professor Max Müller's series, "The Sacred Books of the East," we have to hand *The Grihya-Sûtras*, or Rules of Vedic Domestic Ceremonies, Part II., translated by Hermann Oldenberg and the Editor; and *Pahlavi Texts*, Part IV., translated by E. W. West (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press).

The Canadian Guide-Book, by Charles G. D. Roberts (Heinemann), is a well-planned handbook, based on the Baedeker Guides, for the use of sportsmen and tourists in "Eastern Canada and Newfoundland"—a geographical term that comprises Eastern Ontario, the province of Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. Compared with the rest of the Dominion this is a small territory, "but it contains," as Professor Roberts justly remarks, "the bulk of the population, much of the finest scenery, many of the best hunting and fishing resorts, and nearly all the history, tradition, and romance which combine to clothe the name of Canada with something like a savour of antiquity." To the rich and varied attractions of this region the present volume is an excellent guide, being portable, compact, and complete. The maps are good and the woodcuts pretty.

Hutchinson's Australasian Encyclopædia, edited by George Collins Levey (Hutchinson & Co.), is a useful book for reference, that combines the characteristics of a gazetteer and a dictionary of general information. A handbook of Australasian geography of this kind has long been wanted, and this volume, with its excellent map, supplies the want satisfactorily.

The second volume of the *Victorian Year-Book*, edited by Henry Heylin Hayter, Government Statist (Melbourne: Sands & MacDougall), contains the usual elaborate trade and agricultural statistics of Victoria, together with certain interesting supplementary reviews of the social condition and defences of the colony.

The current annual issue of *The Official Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies* (Griffin & Co.) supplies a succinct statement of work done in the past year, and both as a record and as a directory is a serviceable volume.

Among new editions we have the first volume of Mr. Henry Dunning Macleod's *Theory and Practice of Banking*, fifth edition (Longmans & Co.); and an enlarged new edition of Mr. R. D. Munro's treatise on *Steam Boilers, their Defects, Management, and Construction* (Griffin & Co.).

We have also received *The Irish Element in Medieval Culture*, translated from the German of H. Zimmer by Jane Loring Edmonds (Putnam's Sons); *Life in Motion*, lectures delivered at the Royal Institution by John Gray McKendrick, M.D. (A. & C. Black); *The Effects of Machinery on Wages*, by J. Shield

Nicholson, new edition (Sonnenschein & Co.); *A Manual of Chemistry*, by Dr. Arthur P. Luff (Cassell & Co.); *An Epitome of Real Property Law*, a manual for students, by W. H. Hastings Kelke (Sweet & Maxwell); the fifth edition of Mr. A. D. Lawrie's legal handbook, *How to Appeal against your Rates*, outside the metropolis (Effingham Wilson & Co.); a translation of Dr. Riemann's *Catechism of Musical History* (Augener & Co.); *The Greek Devotions of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes*, edited by Canon Medd (S.P.C.K.); *Not "Death's Dark Night,"* by the Rev. A. Willink, M.A. (Skeffington & Co.); *The Gospel Narrative; or, Life of Jesus Christ*, by Sir Rawson W. Rawson (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *The New Testament and its Writers*, a Guild and Bible-Class Text-Book, by the Rev. J. A. M'Clymont (A. & C. Black); *History of the Church in Eastern Canada and Newfoundland*, by the Rev. J. Langtry (S.P.C.K.); *Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings*, edited to illustrate the laws of Rhetoric and Composition, by Alexander Mackie (Longmans & Co.); *Selections from Livy*, Books V. and VI., edited, with notes, by W. Cecil Laming, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Latin Clause Construction*, by F. Ritchie, M.A., Notes for Middle and Upper Forms (Longmans & Co.); *The Wars of the Roses*, edited by Edith Thompson, "English History from Contemporary Writers" (Nutt); *The Lunacy Law*, an explanatory handbook, by Daniel Chamier (Effingham Wilson & Co.); *The German Emperor and his Eastern Neighbours*, by Poultney Bigelow (Cassell & Co.); *A Short History of the Queen's Reign*, by R. Johnston (Simpkin & Co.); *Laura Montrose*, by Adela May, second edition (Digby, Long, & Co.); *Lady Patty*, by the author of "Molly Bawn" (White & Co.); *On the Threshold*, by Edward Foster (Arrowsmith); *Travellers' Tales*, edited by Edward A. Morton (Arrowsmith); *The Adventures of Three Worthies*, by Clinton Ross (Putnam's Sons); *Pris*, by the author of "Tip Cat" (Innes & Co.); *The Literary Reader for the Young*, by Professor C. J. T. Kaufmann (Liège: Dessain), especially designed to teach correct pronunciation of English; and Chambers's *Expressive Infants' Reader* (W. & R. Chambers).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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